

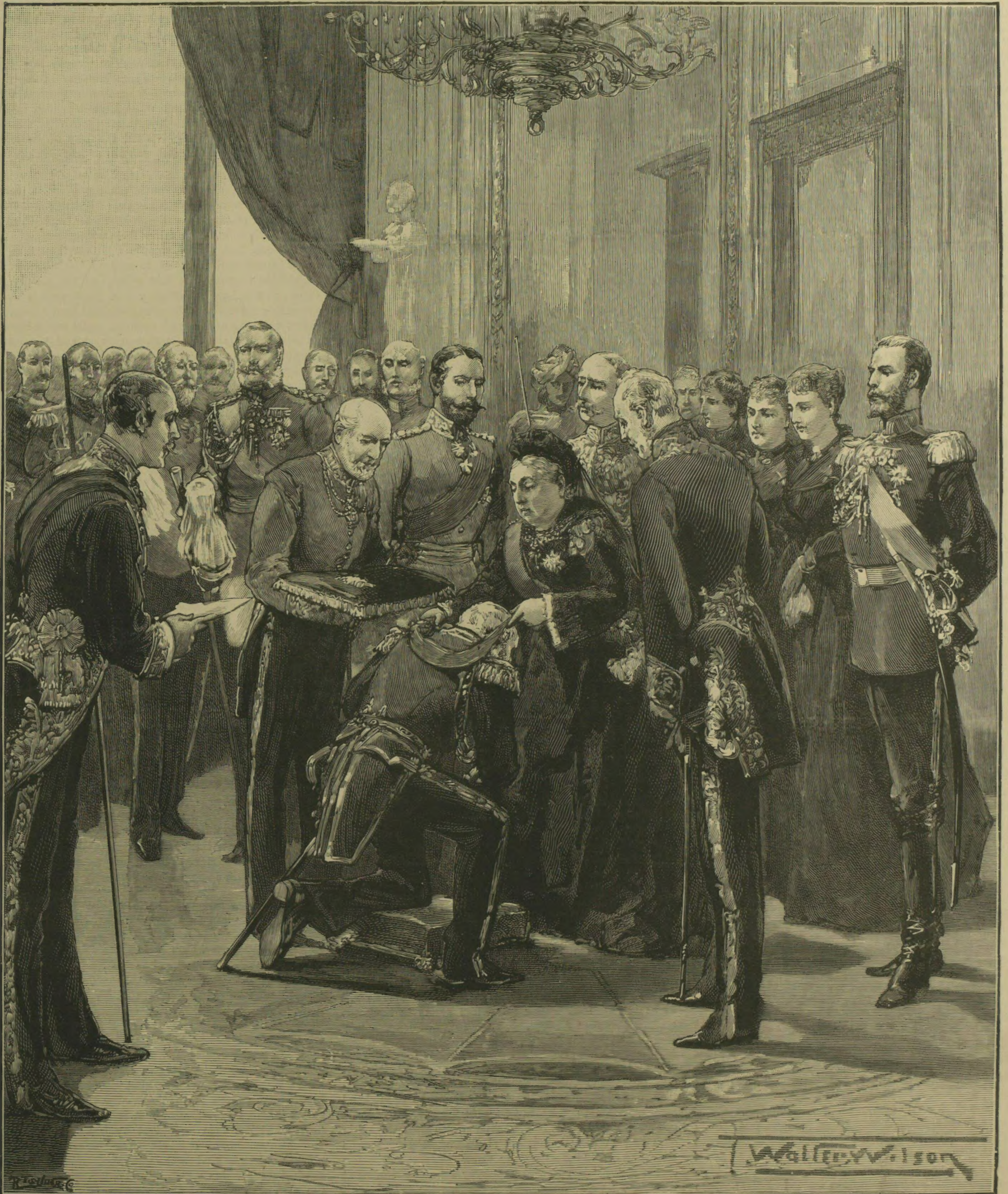
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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AN INVESTITURE AT WINDSOR.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Speaker—not Enfield's, whose reading is, on the contrary, very desultory, but of the House of Commons—has been lecturing upon the choice of books, and recommends only a moderate number for our instruction. He thinks that it would be better to give our attention to ten of the best books than to glance over a hundred. This seems, so far as it goes, to be sensible advice. At the same time, it reminds one of the advertisement "Try Jones's easy shoes," of which it has been well observed that though easy for Jones they may be tight for the purchaser. The Speaker may know what are the best books for *him*, but how can he tell what are the best books for anybody else? I may find massage good for the rheumatism (though I don't), but what is the use of my recommending it to a man with scarlet fever or bronchitis? The diseases of mankind are no more various than their tastes, and to dictate to them what they should read is useless unless the books in question recommend themselves. It is quite amazing that otherwise sensible people seem unable to gather this fact from their own personal experience. How often even the wisest of us find ourselves unable to "take to" a standard classic with the highest recommendations from its last place—in the gentleman's library, which cannot be complete without it! There is no question about the literary merits of "Tristram Shandy" or "The Faerie Queene," for example; but I have heard good judges of literature declare that they would as soon be shut up with "Bradshaw's Guide" as either of them: its advertisements, at all events, they said, would be livelier reading. Would it not be a sensible plan if persons of culture would permit us to read what we liked? I am sure if the Speaker had put this question in his lectures, the "ayes" would have had it.

Another rather trying infliction is the innumerable essays which when a great writer dies are published upon his genius and literary position. We have most of us made up our minds on this subject, and, at all events, are not very much interested in the views of anybody else upon it. It would really seem in these days as if nobody was to be allowed to think for himself. What makes the matter more absurd, and such unsought-for criticisms more impertinent, is that these literary masters of the ceremonies have often nothing in common with the writers they would introduce to us. We have art-critics patronising poets, or historians humourists. As often as not they are persons whose very names are unknown to us. Can one imagine any reasonable being having his views of Shakspeare or Scott or Dickens affected by an article by Mr. Jones?

Even in the case of the poor Rugby boy killed by a "house-run" there is an analogy with this system. Boys in that famous school are literally not permitted to run alone. Their very recreations are chosen for them whether they have any taste for them or not, as though the very gist of a recreation was not its recommending *itself*. There is here the additional absurdity of utterly unqualified dictators, for it is the big boys who compel the others to join in their diversions. As a means of saving trouble in supervision, and, by dispensing with a large staff of masters, of giving a better income to the rest, the monitorial system has its advantages; but a house-run on "the drag" principle, with "two big boys pulling a little one on between them," is a melancholy example of how a hobby can be driven to death. It is bad enough to be told what to read and what to admire without consulting our own tastes, but to have our boyish amusements mapped out for us at the risk of our lives even the advocates of "grandmotherly legislation" must admit to be a little too "steep."

The £50 paid by the juryman for getting his luncheon apart from the other eleven seems a high price, and one is curious to know what he got for it. As it caused a whole day's work of the Court to be gone over again, it was waste of time enough, but one pities his ignorance rather than shudders at his crime; for after all, what harm could it do? Is it likely that anything said to him by an outsider could weigh against what he had just heard on oath? This is the same childish folly that traces forgery to the reading of penny novelettes. The imagination is not so easily acted upon, nor are the arguments of our acquaintances so persuasive as all that. It is bad enough to be shut up in a box with eleven strangers for six hours a day, without being compelled to eat with them and sleep with them. Such precautions remind one of the Middle Ages.

One improvement in the position of the poor juryman has, however, been recently made. The phrase "So-help-you-God-kiss-the-book"—pronounced like one word—will no longer offend his ear. The operation of osculation is to be dispensed with—which, considering what the book used in a court of justice looks like, is something to be thankful for. Indeed, in view of the class of persons who take it in their hands and touch it with their lips, and that nobody who follows their example has had any immediate seizure in consequence, it seems clear that there is not so much in the bacillus theory as is supposed. Persons bent on perjury used to kiss their thumbs instead of the book, to relieve the scruples of conscience; but other people did so for far less moral reasons. How many lips "for falsehood

framed" must have kissed the Old Bailey Bible! Never, surely, was a book so "thumbed"!

In an interesting collection of short stories by Mr. Hall Caine there is one story, "The Last Confession," which will strike different readers very differently. There will be no question about its vigour or its literary merit, but considerable differences of opinion as to its moral—whether murder is always murder, or not? Whether it does not alter matters if you murder an honest man or an ineffably wicked scoundrel who is bent on murdering you? That anyone should feel the least scintilla of regret at having rid the world of a cruel and bloodthirsty Moor, who has caused a countryman of one's own—or, at least, a cousin, for he was an American—to be torn to pieces, and who is dogging one's own footsteps to take one's life, is to my mind amazing. There are other circumstances, involving the life of the narrator's own son, which still more insist upon this act of retribution, but even without them the case seems plain. A healthy mind (as it seems to me) should just as soon trouble itself about having shot a gorilla that attacked one in a forest: the incident would, no doubt, impress itself upon the memory, but only to be regarded with unmitigated satisfaction. The narrator is, indeed, a person suffering from extreme nervous debility, and, presumably, easily shocked; but his scruples and remorse after the act has been committed are described with such force and skill that as one reads one sympathises with them. For my part, however, I can never believe that to shoot "Jack the Ripper" is no more excusable than to empty one's Derringer on a curate in Whitechapel.

There is a famous story of a man who had been wronged, who, seeing his enemy in the street, rushed into his solicitor's office and requested him to put down all the injurious words he could think of that were not libellous, that he might make use of them at once. It now appears that you can use even libellous words, if they are "formulated in one county and delivered in another." The Lea runs between Essex and Middlesex, and across the Lea you can shout anything offensive to a person distasteful to you, because the offence does not fall within the jurisdiction either of an Essex or a Middlesex magistrate. If this be so, it would seem that you could also shoot a man across the Lea, because the bullet would be formulated in one county and delivered in another; but from some nicety of the law it is probable that this analogy would not hold good. However, it is pleasant to learn that there are places in every county in England—or their frontiers—where you can say anything you like to anybody with perfect impunity, and at the top of your voice.

It has been complained, with some justice, of the "alternative conclusion," now becoming popular with novelists, that the reader has to buy, or borrow, two books instead of one—the revised edition and the old one. It is now proposed that every novel at starting should have two endings, like a creature with a double tail. At a certain part in the third volume there will be a notice, or, perhaps, a woodcut of a sign-post, with "To the bad ending" on one arm and "To the good ending" on the other. We shall then pay our money but once instead of twice, and "take our choice." This will be a most convenient arrangement, and ought to suit all tastes.

There are two topics which seize upon the human imagination more forcibly than any other—the discovery of buried treasure and the mysterious disappearance of a fellow-creature. However inartistically a tale of the latter is told, it rivets the attention. Such an event needs no *raconteur*. If the occurrence is incidentally narrated in the dullest book it causes that book to be remembered. Nobody cares for "The Life of Grimaldi," but everyone who has read it remembers how the long-lost brother calls at the theatre where the great clown is acting, makes an appointment with him for supper, and is never seen again. Of course it is very easy to disappear and to turn up again. Mr. Speke did it in the last generation, clumsily enough, but effectually. A wholesale accident on the ice gives an admirable opportunity for a trick of this kind. "Here is a chance," somebody says, "of cutting the painter, and my undesirable wife and my much too numerous family, and beginning life anew without its encumbrances." A selfish hound of this kind is sure to get tired of his novel existence, and to come back to his old one a greater nuisance to all belonging to him than ever. He is soon driven back to port from stress of weather or absence of funds, and his belongings are always in fear that he will be so: to have got really rid of him seems to them too great a stroke of fortune.

These vanishing shams are as numerous as the dissolving views of a magic lantern, and as easily reproduced. The cases of genuine disappearance are also, alas! very common. No ship is lost at sea without some home being rendered more wretched than by death itself: there always seems a chance of our lost dear one (whose hands so often clasped in ours now "toss with tangle and with shell") once more returning in the flesh to our eager eyes; the wife lies awake and watches for him; at every strange summons at the door the children murmur to one another, "Perhaps it is father." Who does not know such households? But there are disappearances quite as complete and much more

mysterious. The case we read of the other day is one of them. A gentleman leaves the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, on March 21, 1890, it is supposed for town, since his luggage is afterwards found at a London terminus. But from that day to this nothing has been heard of him. As he was a rich man, no doubt every endeavour has been made to find him or discover his end; but no Sherlock Holmes has been found equal to the task, though one cannot conceive a more interesting inquiry for a genius of that kind. The missing man's property has been very justly transferred to his next of kin, who has given an undertaking to restore it in case of necessity. For my part, if it should turn out that the disappearance was voluntary, I don't think it ought to be restored: a man has no right to cause such trouble and anxiety to his fellow-creatures from mere caprice. In the case in question, however, there is no probability of this. When a rich man disappears designedly, some of his money always disappears with him. This was one of the strong points against the Claimant in the Tichborne case; if a missing man has money at his bankers', he sooner or later draws it out; but here, though £14,000 was at call of the missing man, it has remained untouched. He drew £10 the day before his departure to the unknown, presumably to pay his hotel bill, "and after that the dark." It is not true that fact is stranger than fiction, but here it runs it very near. The meagre law report which describes the proceeding is a romance in itself. It seems unlikely that the lost man ever reached town; whatever happened to him must have happened between Folkestone and London. But in all probability what did happen will never be known till the Day of Judgment. And yet there are feeble folk who tell us that all the stories have been told!

It is, I fear, a mark of the Philistine to say a word in favour of "displayed advertisements," but to my mind, in their proper places—on walls, on hoardings, and in railway stations—their presence is far from objectionable. They should not, indeed, be permitted to interfere with the name of the station, so as to mislead the unwary passenger, but they serve at least to brighten the gloomy, dull expanse of a London terminus. A blank wall is as depressing a spectacle as the eye can behold, and a hoarding is not "a thing of beauty" that can easily suffer blemish. It is monstrous that advertisements should be suffered to vulgarise and defile romantic scenery, and difficult to imagine how they can raise under such circumstances any other feeling than disgust; but in popular places, where there is nothing to hide but space and ugliness, one does not grudge them room. As a well-known advertiser puts it in the *Times*, "it would be far better if artists of ability—many of whom are now among 'the unemployed'—would lend their assistance in improving our advertisements" instead of running amuck against them; and I would also add that it would be better if advertisers who are not unwilling to spend thousands upon "a puff" would spare ten pounds for getting it written for them in good English. Indeed, if art should be made attractive in this department of industry, why not literature?

On one line of railway in Scotland alone I read that there have been four attempts at train-wrecking in as many weeks. In the last case the sleepers that were laid across the roads were "fastened by thick wire." It is clear, therefore, that the outrage was not the result of a little temporary high spirits, to which it is usual to attribute such acts. Of course, when the catastrophe, which sooner or later is bound to occur, does occur, there will be indignation enough at those who have caused it; but it is quite amazing how quietly we take these matters in the meantime. If it were understood that penal servitude would be the penalty of the attempt to wreck a train, and not, as is the case at present, a few months' imprisonment, there might be some hope of putting an end to it. It seems as though our law-makers were unable to contemplate two public dangers at the same time, and, while they are alive to dynamiting, are oblivious to the far more common and easily carried out crime of train-wrecking. The Americans, before making it a capital offence, waited for the catastrophe to occur; but prevention is surely better than cure.

A newspaper correspondent has been endeavouring to show that Tennyson's well-known lines—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

are either "mischievous" or have a different meaning from that which is ordinarily accepted: "I think," he says, "that Lord Tennyson regretted that he had written those lines." For my part, I think nothing is more unlikely. They are in complete accord with the rest of the poem, which one can hardly believe "our correspondent" has read, and are as wise as they are true. Faith in "half the creeds"—or, for that matter, in nine-tenths of them—is of such a half-hearted dilettante kind that it is next to valueless, whereas faith in scepticism—for the very fact of a doubt includes a faith, even if it is one to be combated—provided it has been arrived at by honest search, is far more commendable. It would be, as the poet assumes, of no such obstinate kind as the other, but while it lasts is a much more genuine article. This objector reminds one of the man who observed that Tennyson's eulogy upon his friend because he could "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" was, after all, an encouragement to liars.



## A COLUMBUS COMMEMORATION ALBUM.

In this year, when all the world has become emulous of celebrating the fame of Columbus and the fourth centenary of his discovery of America, the happy thought occurred to Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, that able, restless Oriental scholar, encyclopædist, and man of letters, to gather together an autograph album of the opinions held on Columbus by the eminent men and women of all lands. Sheets of parchment were despatched to the ends of the earth, and, when returned filled, the whole was gathered into a portfolio and presented to the municipality of Milan. In order, however, that the public should also be able to see this curious work, the firm of Vallardi resolved to reproduce it in facsimile, a purpose which, unfortunately, has only been inadequately carried out, lack of funds having obliged the publishers to issue some portions in facsimile and others in print, hence greatly diminishing the value and interest of the work. But even with all its defects it is curious and worth turning over, although the arrangement is rather of a capricious character, and it is not easy to find one's way in its pages. It begins with the autographs in facsimile of the ambassadors attached to the Italian Court, and here, very properly, the first place belongs to the Minister of the United States. In a bold, clear handwriting, Mr. Whitehouse remarks that he considers Signor de Gubernatis' idea of an international album in honour of Columbus a good one—an utterance which is not very remarkable. He is followed by a number of persons who glorify Columbus in Spanish, but fail to state what country they themselves represent. These are followed in their turn by the Austrian, Bavarian, French, and German Chargés d'Affaires, some of whom copy out pieces of poetry, as if writing in the album of a young lady, and seem to have lost sight of the original scope of the work. The only notable sentence among the ambassadors comes from Lord Dufferin, and runs—

"If fame is an enviable thing, there is no man's fame more to be envied than that of Christopher Columbus, for never has fame been better deserved, so widely acknowledged, or more innocently acquired."

An interesting page, from an artistic point of view, is that indited by the Japanese Minister, whose beautiful calligraphy it is quite a treat to behold. After the ambassadors follow the Italian Orientalists. Here the uninitiated reader is blinded by excess of light. The most marvellous forms of script seem as familiar to these gentlemen as their mother tongue, and but few have condescended to let the vulgar know what it is they have said in such amazing writing. The third part consists of Italian writers, and here we are merely allowed to see the signatures in facsimile; the rest is given in plain print. Certainly this makes the utterances easier to read, which is some consolation, for some of them are beautiful and thoughtful. Quite a number are in verse, and a few are accompanied by charming illustrations. Franchetti sends a page of music from his new opera "Christopher Columbus," and in facsimile too is a page containing the autographs of the surviving representatives of the family of the great navigator. Verdi also has contributed two lines of music.

The fourth part of the book is devoted to the European States, and here again we meet with many a facsimile. There is a certain fascination in turning over the leaves, though many of the languages are unintelligible. Translations accompany some of the sentiments, but, unfortunately, this is not invariably the case. Here we find archdukes, professors, authors, and nobodies mixed up pell-mell. From Bohemia there comes the signature of a club of ladies. Pages could be filled with the mere enumeration of the Frenchmen's contributions: their language lends itself to epigram, and many of their phrases are very fine. There are any number of poetic and prose effusions by the *Félibres*, who appear to have taken Columbus under their special protection. England and Germany are both most inadequately represented, and here again we encounter the curious craze of writing in unknown tongues and in strange characters. The Germans are more remarkable for erudition than for originality. Among Englishmen we find Tennyson, Gladstone, and Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer writes in a grand sweeping hand: "Be their rank or position what it may, from emperors and kings downwards, those who have done nothing for their fellow-men I decline to honour. I honour those only who have benefited mankind, and, as one of them, I honour Columbus." Thomas Hardy calls Columbus "Among reasoners the most imaginative, among dreamers the most rational, among both the most resolved." The quotation "Westward the course of empire takes its way" has been fallen back upon by a large number of persons.

The Poles have seized this opportunity for airing their national grievances, almost leaving out of sight Columbus, who certainly had nothing to do with the same. Some of their pages look exceedingly wild, with snatches of music interspersed. The Roumanian contributions begin with a very pretty poem by Carmen Sylva. Spain opens very properly with Emilio Castelar, and a fine thing he writes. The Pretender Don Carlos also sends a page dated from Venice; indeed, it is a feature of this book that Pretenders and aspiring or extinct nationalities regard it as a place in which to give vent to

their desires or grievances. King Oscar's name heads the Swedes, but he only sends his signature. Arminius Vambéry, who writes in English, ends his contribution with the words, "The services which we render to Asia will be repaid to us by America." Other Hungarians write in English, and some in Latin; but the number of contributions in the language of the country shows what progress has been made in the revival of that interesting tongue, not long since entirely neglected. "Columbus freed Europe forever from poverty," says one of those writers, a questionable statement, surely!—HELEN ZIMMERN.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

Major-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to Lord Roberts, has been in the service thirty-eight years, of which time a large part has been spent in India, and the later portion of it in high Indian commands. Entering the Army in 1853, he served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-59 (medal), and with the 92nd Highlanders in the Afghan campaign of 1879-80 (medal, bronze star, and V.C.). In 1881 he became Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. In the Nile Expedition of 1885 he



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V.C., K.C.B.  
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA

rendered distinguished service on the staff (medal with clasp and Khedive's star), and he was appointed to a brigade in the British expedition to Burmah in the same year. He commanded the Burmah field force from 1886 to 1889, and established his character as a general of high practical ability during the difficult and protracted operations which followed the annexation of the country. During those four years he had command of an army of occupation numbering about 30,000 men, drawn from every branch of the British and Indian services. His management of the complicated questions which arose, both on the military and on the political side of his duties, elicited the highest approval of the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin. On the conclusion of his service in Burmah he was appointed to a first-class division in Northern India and to the most important military charge on the frontier—the Baluchistan command. General White is not less distinguished for personal gallantry, which won him the Victoria Cross, than he is for sound judgment and administrative ability in handling a large mixed force of native and British troops. His regimental promotion had been slow, and when he was selected in 1886 for the command in Burmah it was only after repeated applications that the Government of India succeeded in getting his local rank of Major-General made substantive. His brilliant and valuable services since then in Burmah received no military recognition, although prominently brought to notice by the Government of India. But public opinion is satisfied with regard to the value of Sir George White's experience as an Indian commander and his knowledge of impending questions on the Burmese and the North-Western frontiers.

## AN INVESTITURE AT WINDSOR.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, on Nov. 29, invested twenty gentlemen, three Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, three Knights Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, two Knights Grand Commanders of the Order of the Indian Empire, and a dozen Knights Commanders of those Orders, with the ribands, badges, and stars and proper insignia of the honours conferred on them. At this ceremony, which took place in the White Drawing-Room, the Queen was accompanied by the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia, her guests at the Castle, and by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The great officers of her Court and Royal Household, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Lord Steward, Lord Carrington, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Oxenbridge, the Master of the Horse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Lords in Waiting, the equerries, and Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, were in attendance.

## THE MOSQUES OF CAIRO.

One of the most elegant structures raised in ancient times by the Saracen founders of Cairo to the glory of the Moslem religion is that of which our Artist presents a view, as seen to much advantage in combination with the picturesque house architecture of the neighbouring street. The oldest mosque in Cairo is that built a thousand years ago by the Sultan Ahmed Ebn Toulon, but which is now in a very dilapidated condition. There are several of the mosques which the tourist will do well to visit. The Mosque El Azhar, or Splendid, the chief Oriental University, was founded in 97 A.D. The Mosque El Hákem was built by the Fatimite Caliph who founded the sect of the Druses. The Mosque of Sultan Hassan, dating from 1357, is graceful and elegant, and the ornamentation superb. It cost £600 a day for three years to rear this building. On the tomb of the founder is a large copy of the Kur-án. The Mosque of Sultan Kalaoon; the Sharawee; the Modind, commonly called the Red Mosque; the picturesque El Ghoree, with its beautiful inlaid work in the interior; the Mosque of the Seyyideh Zeyneb, and others are commended to those who wish to see more of Moslem religious architecture.

## THE COMMISSIONER TO UGANDA.

Sir Gerald Herbert Portal, K.C.B., the British diplomatic agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, has been directed to proceed to Uganda as Special Commissioner of her Majesty's Government, to take over from the agent of the British East Africa Company the existing establishment and responsibilities which the company is no longer able to maintain.

Sir Gerald Portal, who was born in 1858, and was educated at Eton, is the second son of Mr. Melville Portal and of Lady Charlotte, daughter of the second Earl of Minto. He was employed in diplomatic service in Egypt from 1882, and became Acting Consul-General there; went on a special mission to King John of Abyssinia in 1887, and wrote an interesting book relating his travels; and was secretary to the British Agent at Cairo, Sir Evelyn Baring, from 1885 to 1891, when he was appointed to the chief management of affairs at Zanzibar. He is married to Lady Alice, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon.

The country in which Sir Gerald Portal has to discharge a difficult mission occupies the better part of the north and west shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, consisting of five provinces, under feudal chiefs, similar in position to the earls of a mediæval kingdom in Europe, with an hereditary monarchy of limited constitutional power. Under King Mtesa, the predecessor of Mwanga, fifteen years ago, the agents of the English Church Missionary Society were admitted. They were followed two years later by the French Roman Catholic Mission. Native political factions, seeking to profit by the forfeiture of landed estates, have unhappily taken advantage of religious dissension among the nominal converts to these rival Christian missions, which has been the cause of civil war and bloodshed, in addition to the massacre of 1886, prompted by a recrudescence of heathenism, and to the intrigues of the Arab slave-dealers, bent on a Mohammedan conquest. At present, thanks to the recent action of Captain Lugard, peace has been restored, separate provinces being assigned to the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Mohammedan factions.

A treaty was concluded on March 30, 1892, by Mwanga, King of Uganda, with Captain Lugard, resident agent of the company, acknowledging British "sovereignty," with stipulations in favour of the European residents, missionaries, and traders in Uganda, the prohibition of slave-trading and slave-raiding, and of the import of arms and ammunition, and some control over the King in grave matters of policy. Uganda is thus placed under a British protectorate.

We have received a number of sketches of Uganda, especially of Mengo, the capital, with Rubaga, the neighbouring old capital, the Fort of Kampala, which is the British Residency, and the English Protestant Church and mission-houses, drawn by Mr. F. C. Smith, one of the Church Missionary Society's agents; two or three of his sketches have appeared in our pages, and others will be presented to our readers.





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LIFE IN EGYPT.—I: THE MOSQUE OF SHARIA-EL-AYBAR, CAIRO.



## THE LATE BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

The death of the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, once again diminishes the ranks of great Oxford scholars who have left their mark upon this century. His father was the elder brother of the poet Wordsworth. The late Bishop was "born in the purple," for his birthplace was Lambeth Palace, where his father was acting as domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. After preparatory education at Braintree with his brother Christopher (who became Bishop of Lincoln) he proceeded to Harrow, where, as an athlete, he quickly achieved what he used afterwards to term "the success of his life." In the very first formal cricket match between Harrow and Eton the captain of the Harrow Eleven was the future Bishop of St. Andrews. Henry Edward Manning was his school-friend, and for him maintained a warm affection until the last day of his life. The late Cardinal often recounted with glee his various cricket experiences at Harrow. To Christ Church, Oxford, Wordsworth proceeded with many young men who were destined to shake the world in political, literary, and ecclesiastical matters. He graduated B.A. in 1830, at the age of twenty-four, having previously taken the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse and for the Latin essay. He was placed in the first class of *Literæ Humaniores*, and his collegiate success decided him to take up the position of private tutor at his *Alma Mater*. His pupils who became afterwards famous included Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir Francis Doyle, and Sir Thomas Acland—the first and the last of whom only remain as survivors of their beloved tutor. The late Bishop originated a club consisting of "the twelve friends of Charles Wordsworth" (to quote from the memoirs of J. R. Hope-Scott, whose change in theological opinions has been commented on by Mr. Gladstone). The impressive "Oxford Movement" had only just commenced its rumblings when Wordsworth was appointed Second Master at Winchester. Previous to his acceptance of this post, for which his classic scholarship admirably fitted him, it had never been held by a non-Wykehamist. One who had rowed in the Oxford Eight in 1829, and who had contributed to the success of the cricket eleven of his University, went with good athletic recommendations to the school where "Manners makyth the man." For ten

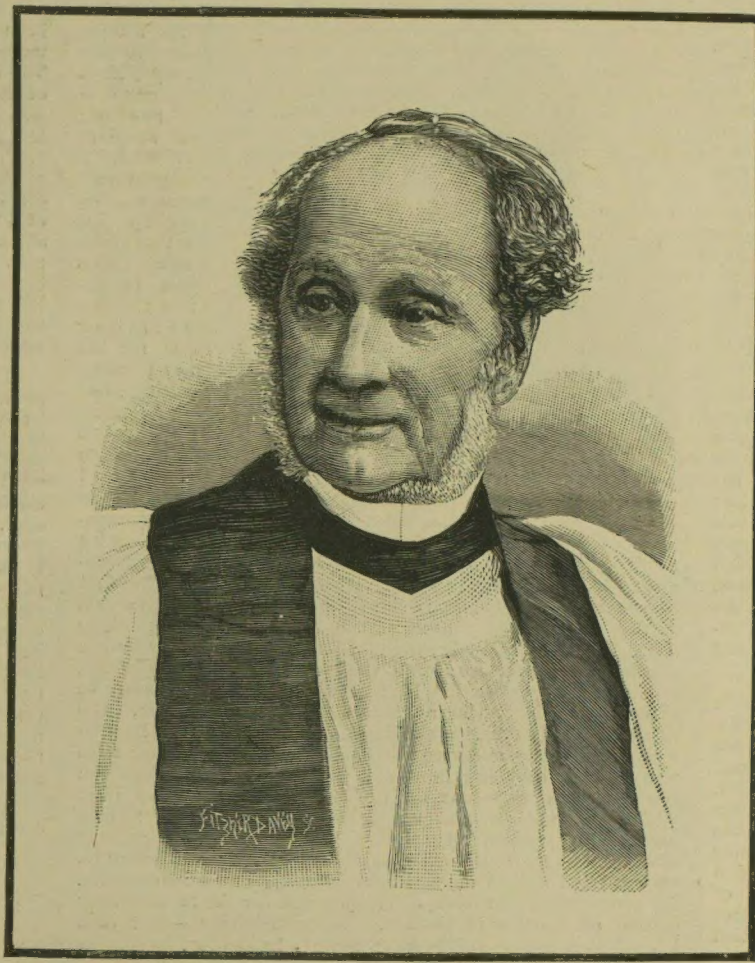


Photo by T. Rodge, St. Andrews.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. CHARLES WORDSWORTH, D.D.

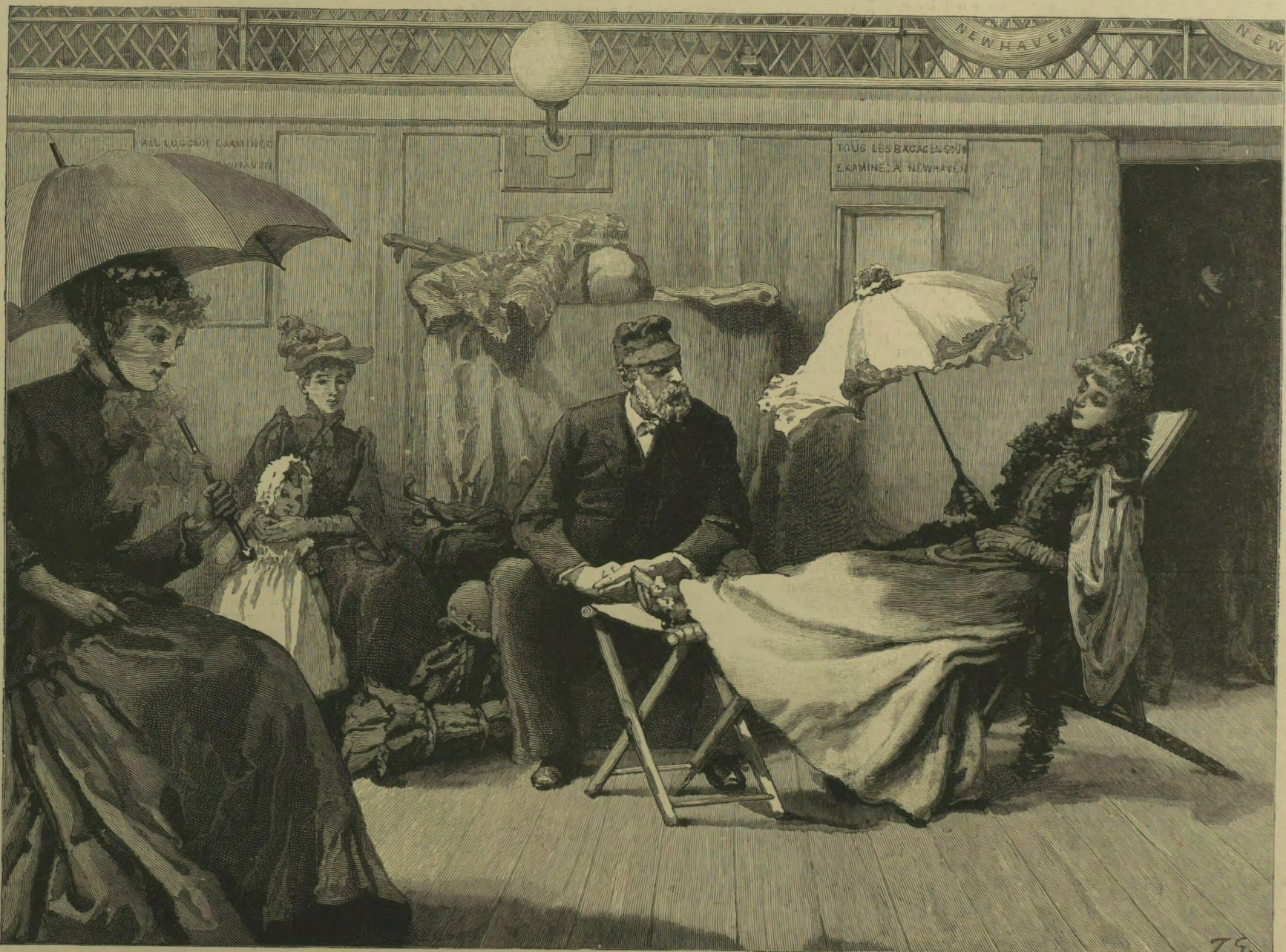
years he remained at Winchester, employing some of his leisure in producing his well-known "*Græcæ Grammaticæ Rudimenta*." Some of his lectures and sermons, given to Winchester scholars, were also published, and showed a sympathetic understanding of boys' natures and difficulties. Ill-health having caused his resignation in 1845, he was earnestly persuaded by Mr. Gladstone to accept the appointment of first Warden at the newly established Trinity College

at Glenalmond. This college was founded under the auspices of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and the foundation-stone was laid by Sir John Gladstone. The visit of the Premier to Glenalmond not long ago was a fitting tribute to what he has termed "the best day's work he had ever done" in inducing Dr. Wordsworth to enter upon the duties of Warden. The second marriage of Dr. Wordsworth took place prior to his removal to Scotland, and his widow survives him. In 1852 he was elected Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, and, to a certain extent, his high abilities were hidden in this office during the forty years which remained to him. Reversing Schopenhauer's dictum that great men stand towards the world as tutors, we may say of Dr. Wordsworth that he stood towards the world as the tutor of great men. The only example on record of verse by Cardinal Manning (for, like Silas Wegg, he once "dropped into poetry") was drawn forth by a present of a cricket-bat from the late Bishop. We quote one verse—

The bat that you were kind enough to send  
Seems (for as yet I have not tried it) good;  
And if there's anything on earth can mend  
My wretched play, it is that piece of wood.

He was a member of the company of Revisers of the New Testament, where his deep knowledge of Greek was of conspicuous service. He was thoroughly acquainted with Shakspeare, and his work "*On Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*" has been in constant demand during the last thirty-eight years. Only a few years ago his literary activity was displayed in an excellent edition of Shakspeare's "*Historical Plays, Roman and English*," and latterly his "*Annals of My Early Life, 1806-1846*," delighted us with its memories of men who are fast fading into the dim and distant past. A second volume of these reminiscences was promised, but their author has not lived to see its publication. In the various ecclesiastical movements of the time Dr. Wordsworth showed an interest which has been aptly termed "athletic." It was not, however, in a pugnacious spirit that the

deceased prelate displayed the keen dialectical powers of which he was possessed, for one of his most thoughtful works was entitled "*Public Appeals in Behalf of Christian Unity*." A tender and beautiful style is also evidenced in a published letter to his grandchildren on "*How to Read the Old Testament*." Honoured and beloved by a generation which above all reverences old age, Dr. Wordsworth passed peacefully away in his eighty-seventh year. *Felix opportunitate mortis!*





## PERSONAL.

That venerable nobleman Lord Crewe, now in his eighty-first year, who has been lying in a critical state at Crewe Hall, but is now, it is hoped, on the high road to recovery, is the head of one of the oldest Cheshire families, though only the third holder of the barony, which was created in 1806. From a very early period the Cruces, or Crewes, as it has been more recently spelt, have been established at Crewe, in the parish of Barthomley. Their present fine old residence, Crewe Hall, they owe to their famous ancestor Sir Randolph Crewe, who was Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench from 1624 to 1626, for it was he who built that picturesque mansion, having purchased the land on which it stands from the heirs of Elizabeth's courtly favourite Sir Christopher Hatton. Lord Crewe, whose appearance denotes a "gentleman of the old school," has distinguished himself more as a typical country squire than as a politician. With him the title will die, as he has never married, and his nearest relative is his sister's son, Lord Houghton, the popular and talented young nobleman now winning golden opinions as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Lieutenant-General John Peel, who has recently passed away at the age of sixty-three, was the fourth son of General Jonathan Peel, at one time M.P. for Huntingdon and Secretary of State for War, and a nephew of the great politician Sir Robert Peel. The late General saw much service with the 34th Foot at Gibraltar, at Corfu, and in the West Indies; while in the Crimean War—where his first cousin, Sir William Peel, R.N., the commander of the Naval Brigade, so greatly distinguished himself—he received a severe wound from which he never wholly recovered, was mentioned in despatches, received the medal with clasp, and was made a Knight of the Medjidieh. General Peel was Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General for the Home District from 1876 to 1880, and retired from the service seven years ago.

Mr. Gladstone has done a very generous and graceful act in making a grant of £200 out of the Royal Bounty Fund to Mr. William Watson, the young poet whose beautiful memorial ode to Tennyson, "Lachrymæ Musarum," appeared in this Journal, and has since been published by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Watson's claims were, we believe, represented in strong terms to Mr. Gladstone by Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, and they were also vigorously pressed by the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Gladstone's is a generous recognition of a very fine, if slender, output in verse; but Mr. Watson will, of course, take it as an encouragement to future effort rather than as the recognition of a definitely settled place in English poetry.

Archbishop Khoren Nar Bey, Prince of Lusignan, who died on Nov. 16 at Constantinople, was born there, in 1833, of



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP KHOREN NAR BEY,  
Prince of Lusignan.

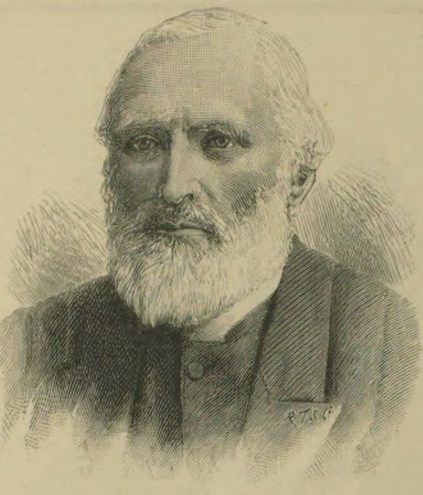
one of the most influential bishops of that Church, and was a leading member of the Armenian Parliament, lately suppressed by the Sultan. He took an active part in efforts to improve schools, visited the monasteries of Etchmiadzin and Jerusalem, and the Armenian colonies scattered about Roumania, was elected prelate of the churches of Pera and president of the Ecclesiastical Council of the Armenians of Turkey. He composed poems, tragedies, and comedies, and made translations of Homer, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. In 1878 he was delegated to the Czar in order to thank him for an article in the treaty of San Stefano in favour of the Armenians. He was also a member of the deputation to plead at the Congress of Berlin the cause of the Armenians of Turkey. On this account he became obnoxious to the Turks. As a prelate of the Armenian church at Beshiktash, not far from the Sultan's palace, he was under the surveillance of the police, and was condemned to isolation. His sudden death—not the first of its kind—has excited suspicion at Constantinople, where the Armenians persist in regarding him as another martyr of their national cause.

At last the struggle for the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at University College, London, has been decided in favour of Mr. Fred Brown. This gentleman, whose claims have outweighed those of more than one distinguished artist, has been previously known to fame as the head master of the Westminster School of Art. Professor Legros will thus be followed by a competent successor.

A significant change of proprietorship has taken place in the *Daily News*. The ruling of that paper has hitherto been practically divided among three large proprietors—Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Arnold Morley, and Mr. Oppenheim. Mr. Labouchere has now sold his third share for a very handsome figure, which has, however, been exaggerated by the Press. No new proprietors have been admitted, and Mr. Labouchere's shares have been divided between Mr. Morley and Mr. Oppenheim. Mr. Labouchere is understood not to have been quite pleased with the rather tepid attitude of his paper in the controversy arising out of his exclusion from office. He never, however, attempted to influence the policy of the paper.

Meanwhile Mr. Labouchere is steadily developing his position as the leader of a certain guerrilla wing of Parliamentary Radicals. He has done a good deal of entertaining, and has probably some loose kind of party. Mr. Gladstone has been formally reconciled to his old lieutenant at a little tea to which the Premier invited himself; but perhaps this will not greatly affect Mr. Labouchere's attitude to the Government next Session. He is still very angry with Lord Rosebery and with other members of the Cabinet whom he thinks are mainly responsible for his exclusion.

By the death of Dr. Hort, which took place at Cambridge on Nov. 20, we have lost the greatest of English New Testament



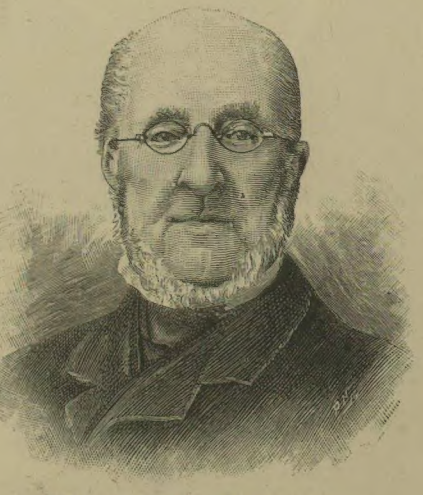
THE LATE DR. HORT.

received view on the textual criticism of the New Testament—is mainly his. Bishop Westcott would be the first to acknowledge that it is to Hort that the first volume of the monumental edition of the New Testament is chiefly due. The docility with which German, Dutch, and American scholars came over to Hort's view can hardly be explained, save on the supposition that it was correct. It must be allowed that Hort was anything but a simple writer. His exposition is, in fact, very difficult, and by critics like Burgon was never really understood. Perhaps no book of our time was so long in being finished: many years passed between the first announcement of it and its publication. Hort pursued his studies with steady diligence, but could not be induced to publish anything. His lectures were greatly admired, but he would not give them to the press, though he was quite willing to communicate his results to other scholars. It is rumoured that he has written much for the forthcoming edition of Smith's Dictionary. No contributions—now that Lightfoot is gone—will be more eagerly looked for.

No reference has been made in the obituary notices to Hort's classical essay on Coleridge. It was published in the Cambridge Essays for 1856, and is worthy to rank with Dean Church's famous monograph on Dante. The keynote of the article is that Coleridge was a "divine monster," who refused to be classified. "Fearless of wasting, in 'dividing' his labour he ventured to be at once poet, philosopher, politician, and theologian; and to no school of poetry, philosophy, politics, or theology was he unreservedly a friend or an enemy." The whole paper shows the minutest scrutiny of Coleridge's life and work. It would be interesting to have the judgment of a specialist like Mr. Dykes Campbell, with access to much that Hort never saw, on some of its conclusions (such as the contention that Coleridge must have written a *Life of Lessing*). The sentence to be quoted is thoroughly characteristic: "No arguments are available against the very plausible opinion that King David's worth is summed up in saying that he was a murderer and adulterer, troubled with odd metaphysical scruples about a census; who did some service by reforming a few flagrant abuses and wrote some beautiful Hebrew poetry." So far as we know, this essay was Dr. Hort's one incursion into literary criticism. But he wrote some articles in the *Academy*, the most notable being a brief and contemptuous notice of Dean Burgon's book on the last verses of Mark. How much Burgon was stung by this is written large in many places, and even those who agreed with Hort thought that he might with advantage have shown greater consideration.

Dr. Hort's life was outwardly uneventful. He took a very high degree at Cambridge; it would have been higher had he not spread his studies over a wide area. He spent many years in Herts as a country parson, and ultimately found his true place as a Cambridge teacher of theology. His closest friendship was with Westcott, and it was a memorable sight to behold the two doctors slumbering peacefully under a dull discourse. Now that Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort have gone from Cambridge, her glory is perceptibly diminished, though the younger generation, led by Rendel Harris, Stanton, and others, has given the promise of excellent work.

Admiral Henry Stroud, who died on Nov. 26, at Pershore, in his ninety-sixth year, was the son of a banker of Gloucester,



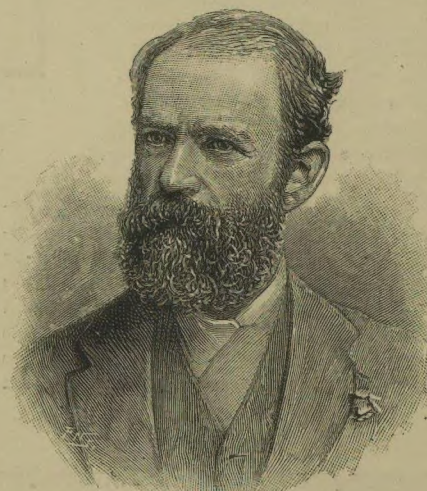
THE LATE ADMIRAL HENRY STROUD.

who removed to Swansea, and joined Messrs. Knight and Eaton, bankers, in the business now known as the Glamorganshire Banking Company. Henry Stroud entered the Royal Navy, in which he attained the rank of captain in 1841; nine years afterwards he retired, and ultimately became an admiral by seniority. Although he never took part in any important engagement, he was much employed in active war service, especially in a very arduous blockade of the Baltic ports and in the protection and safe convey of merchant vessels. In the attack on Acre, under Admiral Sir R. Stopford, he rendered useful aid by holding in check a portion of the hostile fleet in Alexandria Harbour, for which he obtained two medals. The last vessel on which he served was the *Asia*, now a store-ship in Portsmouth Harbour, on board of which he established an excellent condition of discipline. Since his retirement he has devoted his time and means to various charitable works. He leaves a widow, now in her ninety-second year, and an only daughter, married to the Rev. Prebendary Gauntlett, of Swansea.

Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, who presided over the court-martial recently held at that port in connection with the unfortunate stranding of the *Howe*, is the representative of the family of Meagh, or Meade, who from very early times have been landed proprietors in the county of Cork, and whose name is to be found in the Plea Rolls of the first three Edwards. The Meades have distinguished themselves in various branches of the public service during many generations. One Meade was M.P. for Cork in 1559, and was made Recorder for that city in the reign of Elizabeth, and Queen's Attorney for Munster; another, Sir John Meade, Attorney-General in the time of James II., was created a baronet in 1703; his grandson, Sir John, who was the fourth baronet, was created Earl of Clanwilliam in 1776. The father of the present Earl was at one time Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and held the post of Ambassador at Berlin. Lord Clanwilliam, who has been a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, is sixty years of age. He married a daughter of the late Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor of Queensland; and his eldest son, Lord Gillford, who is four-and-twenty, is also in the Navy.

The death of Mr. Fred Leslie removes one of the most popular upholders of what Mr. John Hollingshead called "the sacred Lamp of Burlesque." Achieving his first success in "Rip Van Winkle," his subsequent rôles in "Jack Sheppard," "Cinder-ElLEN," and other Gaiety "hits" have only served to increase his fame. In the United States and the Colonies, Mr. Leslie's droll acting was duly appreciated. His voice was most admirably adapted for either humorous or serious parts. He was not wholly devoid of ambition to shine in the drama pure and simple, and once played the title-rôle of "David Garrick." His ability to extemporise comic "business" on the stage was only equalled by his truly extraordinary humour manifested in private life, where he had hosts of friends. His illness had been somewhat prolonged, and later bulletins pointed to the sad event which it is now our duty to record. Many of the extravaganzas at the Gaiety Theatre which have been "the talk of the town" owed much of their literary composition, as well as their success, to the late Mr. Fred Leslie. Originally an architect, he was, and could only be, an actor.

The death of Mr. Jay Gould, the American millionaire, has created a very considerable sensation on both continents.



THE LATE MR. JAY GOULD.

Mr. Gould died quietly in his bed on Dec. 2, apparently of consumption, though overwork, dyspepsia, and nerve-troubles had made serious inroads on a physique that was always slight. He has left a fortune estimated at something under or over twenty millions sterling, a total possibly surpassed by one or another member of the long roll of American millionaires, but never attended by such dramatic circumstances. Every penny of this vast sum was made by Mr. Gould, and at more than one period of his strange career was it in peril; but his coolness, nerve, and audacity always carried him through, and only on one occasion did he have to resort to an expedient that looked rather weak and theatrical—namely, the invitation to representative American financiers to inspect the securities in his strong boxes.

Mr. Gould was the son of a small farmer in Delaware County, N.Y., and was born in 1836. He began as a boy in a blacksmith's shop, then took to map-making, surveying, then went into partnership with a timber-merchant. At nineteen the methodical youth had saved £1000! But his real fortunes were made by sheer speculation in securities, on which he entered in 1857. He began by buying sound railway stock when it was at its lowest point during the panic of 1857, and its rise, together with other ventures, all made on a "flowing tide," landed him in Wall Street with a snug property of £20,000 in cash. He invested it in Erie Railway stock, and his thousands became hundreds of thousands. He struggled for the lead in the direction of the line with the Vanderbilts, and beat them after a struggle for life, in which Gould acted, as usual, without scruple.

Gould then turned to all kinds of railway speculation, and then to telegraph enterprise, both of his ventures landing him in the position of the greatest railroad king and telegraph king of his day. His greatest feat was his domination of the vast telegraphic monopoly, which does about a quarter of the telegraphic business of the world, known as the Western Union. His tactics were always merciless. He wrecked enterprise after enterprise, caring nothing for the misery he might chance to inflict. Once he had to take refuge in his steam-yacht from an infuriated New York crowd, and he was often accompanied by a guard of two or three armed men. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He ruined his own partner, he beat down every rival, professing no creed but that of sheer competitive war with his fellow-men.

Personally, Mr. Jay Gould was amiable enough in the family relations to which he restricted himself outside business hours. In person he was short and undersized, with a mean, rather Jewish face, relieved by very bright and piercing eyes. His habits were of the simplest. He had a gorgeous steam-yacht, which he used less for pleasure than to enable him to recover from the incessant wear and tear of his harassing life and the intricate calculations on which he based his operations in Wall Street. He ate and drank little, never smoked, and had no distractions. He did but small good to the world, which repaid him in hatred and contempt for the successful war which he levied on it.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for the portrait of the late Dr. Hort; to Messrs. Barraud, of Liverpool, for that of the Mayor of that city; to M. Nadar, Rue St. Anjon, Paris, for that of the late Mr. Theodore Child; to Abdullah Frères, Constantinople, for that of the late Archbishop Khoren, of Lusignan; and to Mr. E. Arnold, of Bedford Street, Strand, for that of Sir Gerald Portal.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen "commanded" a performance of "Carmen" last Saturday evening at Windsor Castle, when a large party of guests had the privilege of witnessing an admirable representation of the opera by "her Majesty's servants" from Covent Garden Theatre. Sir Augustus Harris directed the performance, which took place in the Waterloo Chamber, and was afterwards presented to the Queen, and received a handsome scarf-pin as a souvenir. Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, of whose singing her Majesty is a great admirer, was presented with a brooch adorned in diamonds and rubies with the royal monogram. Her Majesty's Birthday Book was also sent to various ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, for the inscription therein of their names, an immediate favour duly appreciated.

A succession of visitors to the Castle have dined with the Queen, who has been entertaining the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia. Among these guests have been the Prime Minister, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Lord Salisbury. Her Majesty hopes to spend Christmas at Osborne, whither she goes, most likely, on Dec. 16.

The Prince of Wales and his family have been visited by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia at Sandringham. His Royal Highness is now the guest of Lord and Lady Dudley at Witley Court, where he is expected to remain until Dec. 10. The Princess of Wales, who last week celebrated her forty-eighth birthday, and her daughters will remain a few days at Marlborough House, prior to returning to Sandringham for Christmas.

The Duke of York, whose public duties are accumulating fast, has been the guest of Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney at a shooting party at Didlington Hall, near Brandon. Increasing interest is being felt in the approaching marriage of Princess Marie of Edinburgh, as well as in the wedding of Princess Margaret of Prussia, whose trousseau is, we are assured, being "made in Germany." The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are expected to be present at Princess Margaret's marriage to Prince Frederick of Hesse, which takes place in Berlin a fortnight after the wedding of their own daughter at Sigmaringen.

The indefatigable Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, who left a very pleasant impression and a good deal of money behind him in England, has been sightseeing in Brussels. He and the Maharanee thence journeyed to Paris, and expect to embark for India on the Paramatta on Dec. 18.

The dearth of political news has prompted more or less extravagant rumours about dissensions in the Cabinet. Lord Rosebery has been visiting Dublin, and one gossip has it that the Foreign Secretary is trying to make up his differences with Mr. John Morley about Home Rule, while another declares that Lord Rosebery has been secretly consulting Archbishop Walsh. The object of such a negotiation is to discover a *via media* between Mr. Gladstone's proposals which are unacceptable to his colleagues and the Home Rule which commends itself to the majority of the Ministers. But these speculations have no definite basis.

Mr. Gladstone was accorded a great reception at Liverpool, where he was presented with the freedom of his native city. The Prime Minister made an interesting speech reviewing the history of the town, and charming both friends and foes by the undiminished ease and vigour of his oratorical faculty. At the end of December Mr. Gladstone will enter upon his eighty-fourth year, with no sign of failing powers.

A Nationalist member has been unseated in South Meath, on account of the intimidation exercised by the Catholic clergy of the diocese. Bishop Nulty issued a pastoral so violent that it alone would have voided the election. The Parnellites were denounced from the altar, and threatened with eternal penalties. Such abuse of the clerical power is, of course, intolerable, and much has naturally been made of it in the Opposition journals. A summary of the evidence is to be circulated as a Unionist pamphlet. It is said that Mr. Michael Davitt, whose election is contested in North Meath on the grounds which have ousted his colleague in the southern division of the county, will resign his seat, and seek another. The petition against the return of Mr. Allsopp for Worcester has been dismissed.

Speculation as to the vacancy in the post of Commander-in-Chief in India has been set at rest by the appointment of Major-General Sir George Stewart White.

The visit of the Grand Duke Sergius to the Queen has occasioned a good deal of surmise as to the diplomatic mission with which he was reported to be entrusted, but there is no reason to suppose that anything beyond the range of family affairs was discussed at Windsor. The lively fancy of a French journalist has provided the Grand Duke with a scheme for the settlement of the Eastern Question by France and Russia, but the public mind in this country remains quiescent even under such a blow.

A conference of British tenant-farmers has been sitting in London and discussing the various grievances which pertain to agricultural pursuits. To judge from the letters in the *Times*, it might be thought that agriculture in England was in the last stage of collapse. The pessimists clamour for a revival of Protection, but there is no sign that this impossible panacea has any strong hold upon the farmers as a body. If any Government were to offer them a ten-shilling duty on foreign corn they would probably accept it, but they know that this is hopeless. Some of them ask for land courts to fix rents, but this idea finds no general support. The farmers are strongly in favour of the regulations for keeping cattle disease out of the country, these safeguards having the effect of stimulating the price of meat. There is an idea, moreover, that if means could be devised for preventing the consumer from buying foreign or colonial meat under the impression that it is home-bred, the market for native cattle would be even better than it is.

An interesting point in the history of extradition is marked by the judgment of the Queen's Bench in the case of François, the reputed Anarchist. The extradition of this man was demanded by the French Government on the ground that he was concerned in the worst of the dynamite outrages in Paris. Judgment was given against him by a magistrate, and this has been confirmed by the higher court, chiefly on the ground that the prisoner's own affidavit afforded a *prima-facie* case for sending him to trial. The plea that he was entitled to asylum as a political refugee was peremptorily overruled. Continental Anarchists who plot the wholesale murder of inoffensive people by means of dynamite will now understand that the laws of England offer them no shelter.

A remarkable series of literary forgeries has been detected in Edinburgh. For some time past a number of documents, purporting to be original manuscripts of Scott, Burns, and the old Jacobites, have been imposed upon antiquarian book-sellers and collectors. Suspicion was excited by the barefaced fraud of some of these treasures, and inquiry has led to the arrest of the man who is charged with putting them on the market. Some lines attributed to Burns are so puerile that it is scarcely credible how they can have deceived the veriest tyro. But there seems to be an insatiable appetite in Edinburgh for ancient manuscripts, real or otherwise, and the error of the forger lay in making the supply equal the demand.

Lord Rosebery, in the course of a humorous speech to a number of Scotchmen after dinner, described St. George of England as "an army contractor." This has excited the wrath of some patriotic Englishmen, who insist that George the army contractor was a very different personage from George the patron saint. Lord Rosebery will have to chasten his after-dinner *esprit*.

The ex-Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress came again before the public on Tuesday, Dec. 6, when their Welsh compatriots presented them with a silver-gilt service and a portrait of Lady Evans, in warm appreciation of the affection shown during their year's office by them to Wales. The happy event took place at the annual banquet of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, held at the Hôtel Métropole. The portrait



SIR GERALD H. PORTAL, THE GOVERNMENT COMMISSIONER TO UGANDA, IN HIS ABYSSINIAN DRESS.

See "Our Illustrations."

was the work of that promising young artist Mr. Herbert J. Draper. An album of Llandudno views was likewise given to Sir David Evans, in commemoration of his official visit to that locality.

The French Ministerial crisis has ended, after the failure of M. Brisson and M. Casimir Périer, successively, to form a Government, in the reconstruction of the former Ministry, now under M. Ribot as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs; while M. Loubet, who was Prime Minister, becomes Minister of the Interior and Public Worship, M. Bourgeois is the new Minister of Justice, M. de Freycinet is again Minister of War, M. Burdeau is Minister of Marine and Colonies, M. Dupuy of Public Instruction, and Messrs. Deville, Siegfried, and Viette take Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. M. Ricard, the late Minister of Justice, is excluded. It is not expected that these arrangements will cause any change of the Government policy.

The Committee of Inquiry of the Chamber of Deputies with regard to the Panama Canal Company scandals and charges of corruption has received some evidence from bankers concerning large payments of money, over three million francs at once, to the late Baron de Reinach, and its distribution by him, in twenty-six cheques, two of these for a million francs each, to a number of persons, not one of whom was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. But the Chamber resolved, on Dec. 5, by 333 votes to 182, on the motion of M. Pourquerey de Boisserin, that the committee be empowered to compel the attendance of witnesses, to put them on their oaths, and to employ a special "juge d'instruction" to make searches and seizures of documents and domiciliary visits. It is considered that this procedure is a wrongful interference with the chief criminal Court of Judicature, before which the directors and contractors of the Panama Company already stand indicted.

The German Emperor and Empress have gone on a state visit to Hanover. Conferences on the Army Bill have been privately held by different sections of politicians in the Imperial Diet. The trial of a charge of libel brought against Herr Ahlwardt, the candidate for a seat in Parliament for Arnswalde Friedeberg, excites the greatest interest; the alleged libel was a pamphlet accusing a Jewish firm of gun-manufacturers, Messrs. Löwe, who had an army contract, of extensive frauds on the Government, and of supplying bad and useless rifles. Ahlwardt had already been convicted of another libel; but his assertions were too eagerly received by

the Anti-Semite party, inspired with hatred of the Jews. Prince Bismarck, on Dec. 3, passing through Berlin on his way from Varzin to Friedrichsruh, was met at the railway stations by crowds of friends, but would not talk politics, and said that he should not attend the Imperial Diet.

In Russia, nearly two hundred persons at Saratov, and in the province of Voronezh, have been tried for their part in the cholera riots of last July. Twenty-three were sentenced to be hanged, but this sentence is not likely to be executed; many of the others to various terms of penal servitude or imprisonment. The Moscow Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution to exclude all Jews from the practice of trade unless they will join the Orthodox Church.

The International Monetary Congress at Brussels seems likely to adjourn without any decisive resolution upon the question of a bimetallic standard of currency. Its members were courteously received, on Monday, Dec. 5, by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

The Congress of the United States of America opened its session at Washington on Dec. 5, but no important business has yet been undertaken. The Federal Assembly of Switzerland, at Berne, was opened on the same day; also the Spanish Cortes at Madrid.

President Harrison's last Message to Congress has been published. He describes the commercial and industrial prosperity of the United States, with the general diffusion of the comforts of life among their people, as now exceeding all former experience; but the result of the late Presidential election must be assumed to mean that the present Protective tariff is to be repealed, and the general process of a reduction of wages cannot be contemplated by patriotic citizens without the gravest apprehensions. It might be possible for the American manufacturer to compete successfully with his foreign rivals if the pay-rolls were equalised, but the conflict between the producer and that result would cause "distress among the workers not pleasant to contemplate."

X.

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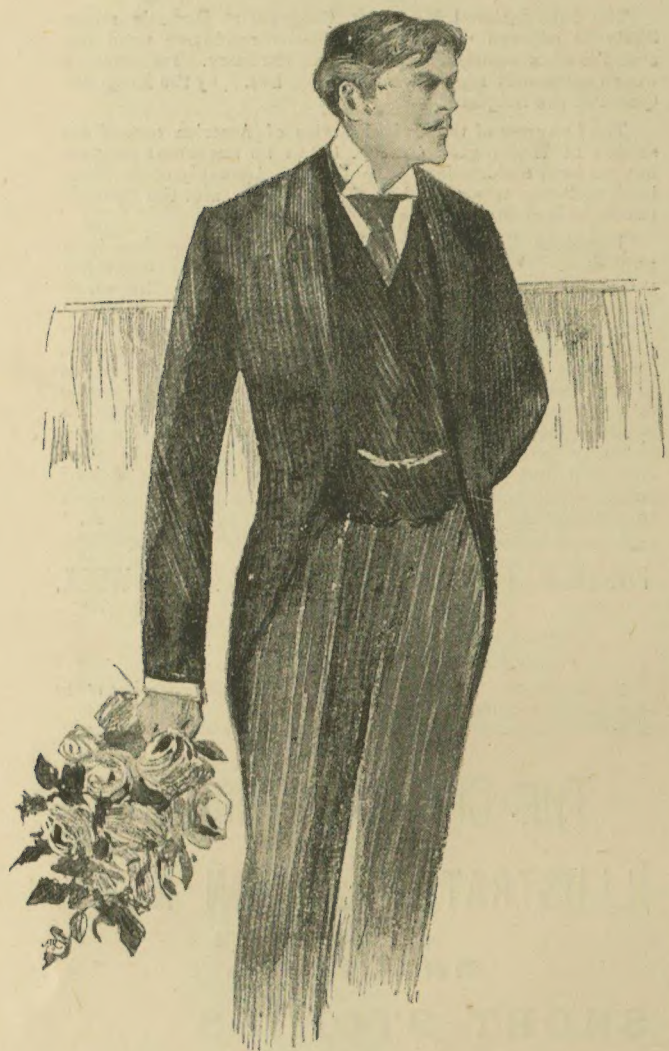
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## "LIBERTY HALL," THE NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The old playgoer who visits the St. James's Theatre will find in Mr. Carton's comedy many pleasant reminiscences. Indeed, he may rub his eyes and wonder whether the geni who whisked away the gentleman in the Arabian tale and left him at the gates of Damascus has not transported the theatrical world back to the heyday of Dickens and the atmosphere of romance. As you follow the story of "Liberty Hall" it is difficult to



MR. OWEN (Mr. George Alexander).

believe that such a being as Ibsen ever existed, or that any school of playwrights has grown discontented with the fairies of the drama's childhood, and has striven to replace them with beings whose motives and actions are supposed to resemble those of ordinary mortals. I have a weakness for a fairy tale, and can never withstand the graces of Prince Charming, when he disguises himself like so many romantic heroes, from Haroun Al Raschid to John Harmon in "Our Mutual Friend," and then plays the part of guardian angel, dispensing blessings and penalties, the blessings generally proceeding from an expansive cheque-book and the penalties taking the form of ironical politeness to the discomfited villain of the piece. So when Mr. George Alexander, instead of assuming the rights and title of the heir to the Chilworth baronetcy, called himself Owen, passed as a commercial traveller, and lived on the second-floor back of a shop in Bloomsbury, solely for the pleasure of making love to one cousin and saving another from an injudicious elopement with a sprig of the aristocracy, I thoroughly enjoyed the expectation that in Act four the fairy prince would bring out his cheque-book and dazzle the family party with his surprising signature. It was nothing whatever to me that Miss Blanche Chilworth left her ancestral home on the very shadowy pretext that she could not accept the charity of her kinsman, who wrote her an extremely civil letter from the Himalayas, and asked her to remain under the old roof. I reflected for an instant that ladies do not fly to the homes

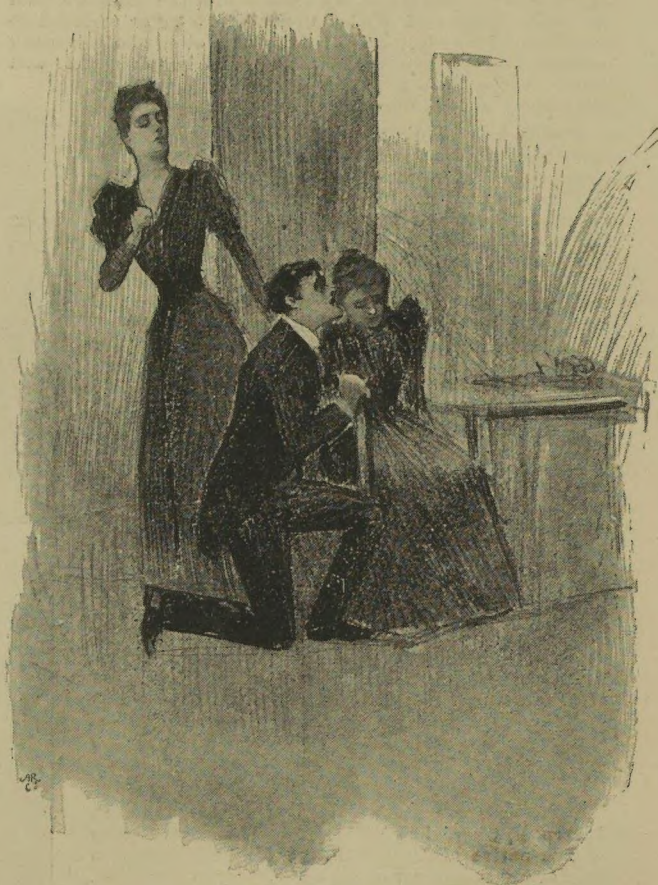


IN THE BACK PARLOUR OF "LIBERTY HALL."

of second-hand booksellers who happen to be their uncles, when their fathers die, leaving them nothing to live upon, and when cousins who inherit the family estates send perfectly courteous messages which show that they are not ogres. *Mais que voulez vous?* The fairy play has to be written, and so Miss Chilworth carries off her sister Amy, who, though she is supposed to be a mere child with no sense, has the very practical notion that they ought to stay where they are. Miss Chilworth knows no more about her uncle the bookseller than she knows about her other kinsman, and if she were to decline the uncle's hospitality and accept her cousin's, she would abate not a jot of the family pride which looks down upon her from a portrait over the mantelpiece, bearing a remarkable likeness to Mr. Alexander. But here I am reasoning again, and it is indispensable to the perfectly genuine enjoyment of this play that you should forget the habit of two and two to make four, or any other prosaic combination of a similar kind.

Mr. Carton is greatly indebted to Dickens, and he is honestly proud of the obligation. The household in Bloomsbury positively reeks of Dickens. Mr. Todman, the little bookseller, reads Dickens, talks Dickens, and acts like some of the favourite creations of that great master. "Mr. Charles Dickens has been a good friend to me," exclaims Mr. Todman, and, indeed, without the aid of the novelist whose bust and whose

books and whose characteristic turns of thought and phrase pervade the play I do not know how Mr. Todman and his shop-boy Robert and his servant Crafer could have come into existence. Mr. Todman says his wife, who is deceased, has gone "out of print," and when he is much worried by a creditor who threatens to sell him up, and who will presently be extinguished by Prince Charming's cheque-book, he talks of his leaves getting loose, and says it is high



BLANCHE CHILWORTH, MR. OWEN, and AMY CHILWORTH (Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Alexander, and Miss Maude Millett).



J. BRIGINSHAW, of the Holloway Emporium (Mr. H. Vincent).



BLANCHE CHILWORTH (Miss Marion Terry).

time that he were taken out of his binding. All this, it may be said, is a little overdone; and the demon of realism whispers in your ear that second-hand booksellers do not reconstruct themselves in metaphors of their trade. You are not deeply disturbed when Mr. Ben Webster, with most excellent intent, tries to carry off Miss Maude Millett, and when the frustration of this project exposes Mr. Alexander to the injurious suspicions of Miss Marion Terry, who finds him soothing Miss Millett after Mr. Webster's discomfiture. Here the texture of the plot is perilously thin, but the danger is held at bay by the excellence of the acting; and the somewhat extravagant humours prompted by the bust of Dickens become life-like under the dexterous touch of comedians like Mr. Edward Righton, Mr. Vincent, and Miss Fanny Coleman. Miss Marion Terry would make a much more incredible personage than Miss Blanche Chilworth delightfully sympathetic, and Mr. Alexander convinces me that the fairy prince is one of the most companionable illusions of my acquaintance. Whether he jests in season or out of season, or delivers discourses on human life which do not correspond to my observation of that puzzle, the disguised baronet is always interesting. I have not yet decided to ascribe this to the special influence of an ancestral baronetcy or to the romance which is, happily, incurable in my disposition. But at all events I am no discontented visitor to "Liberty Hall." F. D.



# THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.)

HE POSSESSES IT: HE POSSESSES IT NOT.

It was the first time they had slept under different roofs since their marriage; and when she was gone, and the charm of her personality was idealised by lack of the substance, he felt himself far less able to bear the thought of an estrangement than when her corporeal presence afforded trifling marks for criticism. And yet, concurrently, the conviction grew that, whatever the rights with which the civil law had empowered him, by no law of nature, of reason, had he any right to partnership with Avie against her evident will.

The next day he set out for the island, longing, yet dreading, to see her again. No sooner had he reached the top of the hill and passed the forking of the ways than he discerned in the distance, on the way he had not taken, a form which was unmistakably that of his wife, apparently out on some trifling errand. To go back, take the other road, and join her lest she should miss him, was the obvious thing to do; yet he stood like one enervated, will-bereft, and ashamed. As he stood a man came up, and, noticing his fixity, regarded him with attention.

"A tidy little figure-of-fun that, Sir," said the man.

"Yes. A dainty little creature, like a fairy. . . . Now, would you assert, my friend, that a man has a right to force himself into her presence at all times and seasons, to sit down at her table, to take her hither and thither—all against her liking?"

"No, sure."

"I thought so. And yet a man does it; for he has married her."

"Oh! She's his wife! That's a boss of another colour. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think it is," said Pearston.

The pedestrian disappeared, and Pearston, still glancing across the quarries at the diverging road, saw that Avie had perceived him, and was standing still, expecting his approach. He climbed over the low side-wall and traversed the open ground to her side. Her young face showed anxiety, and he knew that something had happened.

"I have been looking for you," she said. "I didn't exactly know the time you were coming, or I should have sent somebody to meet the train. Mother has suddenly got so much worse: it seems almost as though my coming had caused it, but it cannot be that, of course, because she is so glad. I am afraid—I am so much afraid she may not live! The change in her has quite shocked me. You would hardly know her. And she has kept it from us that she was not so well, because she would not disturb our happiness. Happiness!"

The last word might have been construed in its relation to her mother or to herself. Pearston was in a mood to suffer anything now, and he did not mind which way she had intended it. They hastened onward together—that is, side by side—with a lineal yard between them, for she was never too ready to take his arm; and soon reached the house at East Wake.

Mrs. Pearston the elder was evidently sinking. The hand she gave him, which had formerly been as thin as a leaf, was now but a cobweb. She was mentally quite at ease, and murmured to him that it was her great comfort and thankfulness to feel that her child was well provided for in the possession of such a good and kind husband.

Avie, her daughter, could not leave the house at night in such circumstances, and, no room being ready for the reception of them as a couple, Pearston left his wife by her mother's side and went out to a lodging near at hand; accident thus making easy of continuance the constraint in their relations which had begun in London.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ELUSIVENESS CONTINUES.

Pearston felt that he certainly had tried to be good and kind to the little sylphlike thing he called his wife. He had been

uniformly attentive and courteous, had presented her with every pretty trifle and fancy in the shape of art-works, jewellery, clothing, furniture, that money could buy; had anticipated her every wish and whim in other ways. But whether the primal act of marrying her had been goodness and kindness was open to question.

The mother's life was prolonged but a very few days after this; and they buried her not far from the spot where Avie the First had been laid, in that old churchyard over the western cliffs, which was like a miniature forest of oolite, the plethora of freestone in the locality placing a carved memorial within the reach of all. It seemed to Pearston but a season or two earlier that he had stood there in the dusk after the first

interment, when the vision of the then daughter appeared, to pull him back to youth anew.

This sad office being performed he hastened up to town, leaving Avie in her mother's late residence, which they now adopted as their own country cottage. She liked remaining there, she said, and, having taken care that she should have every attention, he did not hurry back to her side. A feeling which many people might have called Quixotic was acquiring such strength in him as to make future relations with his charming prize a perplexing problem to a man whose pursuits had taught him to regard impressions and sentiments as more cogent than legal rights, and humours as more cogent than reasons.



Pearston said "Good-night!" and a reply was returned to him in an accent which was not that of an Englishman. Moreover, the voice was faint and shaken. Pearston halted.



It was, therefore, not until nearly a month had passed—during which he had endeavoured to stifle his disappointment at being only the nominal protector of Avice by attending to many long-neglected things—that he found himself one evening at the seaport whence the run into the peninsula was by a short line of railway. Nine o'clock, however, had struck, and the last train had left twenty minutes earlier. He felt stiff and chilly with sitting in the London train so long, and, telegraphing to Avice to expect him late, resolved to walk to her home by the old road, which he had not pursued for many, many years, and which now lay bleached by the moonlight.

His course was over the bridge and through the old town, afterwards skirting the cliffs, till there arose on his left hand, gaunt and bare against the sea, the Tudor castle ruins where he had met his own particular third Avice some time ago, the second Avice earlier; where he would have met the first, and, but for chance, have shaped for himself and the two others a different history. He duly crossed the long framed and braced wooden bridge, its whiteness intensified now by the rays, after which there lay before him the long, featureless road within the pebble barrier that screened it from the outer sea. The bay within lifted and dropped placidly under the moon; the pebble bank ran straight ahead, diminishing in a haze, above which swelled the vast rock that the line of pebbles seemed to tether. It was the place, unchanged almost, that he had traversed in the rain beside the woman whom he had rashly married in his first youth and inexperience.

He had reached about halfway between the island and the main shore when a black spot appeared by the road in front of him, hitherto absolutely deserted. Drawing forward, he found the object to be only the figure of a man sitting upon the bank, his face towards the moonlight. This was strong enough to show Pearston as he passed by that his fellow-pedestrian was a young man of apparently five-and-twenty, with a curly dark moustache. Pearston said "Good-night!" and a reply was returned to him in an accent which was not that of an Englishman. Moreover, the voice was faint and shaken. Pearston halted.

"I hope you are not ill," he said.

"I am unwell," said the foreigner.

"Going my way?"

"Yes."

"Then let me help you onward."

He approached and assisted the stranger, who rose with some difficulty. He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly young fellow, and beside where he had been sitting a white handkerchief lay upon the dry pale pebbles, the handkerchief being stained with what appeared to be blood.

"Have you been coughing?" said Pearston.

"No. I crossed this morning from Havre, and the sea-sickness brought on a slight hemorrhage. It is not serious."

"I am not so sure about that," said Pearston.

He took the young man's arm, and together they pursued the remainder of the level way to the foot of the isle, where began the little town of Slope-way Well.

"How do you feel now?" Pearston asked. "Can I take you to any house or person?"

"No, no; I thank you," the stranger replied. "I have lodgings here, which I secured by letter; but I missed the train, or I should have been in them by this time. I am much better now, and require no more attention. For that you have given me receive my deepest thanks and courtesies."

"Well, accept my stick, at any rate—you will get along better, if it is only a few steps."

This the young man did, and they parted. There was not a fly left at the station, and, seeing that he would have to walk the remainder of the distance, Pearston entered an inn a few yards up the street to get some simple refreshment by which he might fortify himself for the ascent. When he came out the young man had disappeared.

It was a pleasure indeed to Pearston when, drawing near to the house which was now again his own dear home, he beheld a little figure standing against the door, and presumably awaiting him. Avice, for it was she, dutifully allowed him to kiss her when he reached her side, though her nervousness, only too apparent, was that of a child towards a parent who may prove stern.

While seated indoors at a supper of a more appetising character than the inn had supplied, he became aware that Avice had left the room. Thinking that she had gone upstairs to supervise preparations for his accommodation, he sat on quietly musing and sipping his glass for something like half an hour. Wondering then, for the first time, what had become of her, he rose suddenly and began looking around. She was quite near him, after all; only standing at the front door as she had been doing when he arrived, gazing into the moonlight. But she was agitated now, unmistakably.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I must go and see somebody who is ill—I feel I ought to go! And yet—as you have just come—I suppose you don't approve of my going out."

"Who is the person?"

She did not give any name. "Somebody down that way," she said indefinitely. "I only heard of it just now. It is not very far to the house."

"If you really wish to go, my dear, of course I don't object. I will sit and await your coming back, if you prefer to go alone."

Avice replied by instantly taking advantage of the offer—putting on a hat and cloak and starting forthwith. In leaving him she glanced at him for a moment, as if expecting him to ask a further question. But Pearston refrained.

He continued alone, thinking how entirely her manner was that of one to whom a question of doing anything was merely a question of permission and not of judgment. When she had been gone some little while, he observed that it was getting rather late. How absurd of her, he thought, not to let him accompany her at such an hour! At length, in a state bordering on irritation, he rose, and went out to look for her.

There was no sign of her returning along the road, though he strolled on so far as to the bend round by the north entrance of Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle. Reaching that entrance he stood still under the trees and wall, being unsure by which way to expect her, and the spot commanding the length of the village street or highway.

He was not aware how entirely invisible he had been standing till he perceived two figures—one a man, walking by the aid of a stick, the other a woman, from whom the man also derived some assistance. The place was deserted, and their voices could be heard, though not the words they were saying. The man spoke in a French accent, and he was obviously the young invalid whom Pearston had assisted along the shore.

The woman was weeping. Her accents were so low and the fact was so far from his expectation that Pearston did not at first dream of her being his wife. Then he had a suspicion, and, as they had turned the corner, he felt justified in following them.

They passed at the same slow pace down the lane or gorge leading to the old castle ruins. A heart-sickness had well-nigh prostrated the unhappy Pearston by this time: he was no nearer to the third Avice than he had been to the second and the first.

They reached the corner of the Red King's Castle, where there were some large blocks of loose rock, carved with the initials of natives of past generations. "Do you think it well to go farther?" asked the woman, as if she were anxious that he should return.

"I fear I cannot," he said.

Pearston was now sure that Avice was the young man's companion, and standing under the sheer face of the rock he found that it reflected their words.

"Why did you come, after being away so long? How could I help thinking you had given up all wish to—do what we planned, and had decided to stay in your own country?"

The wind interfered for a moment; then he heard her repeat, like a wounded bird, "Why did you come, Henri, after being absent so long, and bring me and yourself into such trouble as this?"

Her notes of anguish so moved Pearston that he sank his jealousy in pity of her. Whatever had happened, it had been against her will and expectation.

She soon remarked anxiously that she could not stay longer, and begged her companion to seek the rest he needed. Pearston was obliged to remain where he was till they had gone past.

"I am sorry I have no right to offer you shelter in my house," she said. "But it is not because my husband is come that I may not do this. I feel I must not—ought not—even though you are so ill as to make it almost inhuman! O, it is hard for you, Henri: but what can I do?"

"It is not necessary. I have a lodging quite near, where I can stay till to-morrow, and then I can get back to the station; and then—I will see you no more—if it is your command."

"It is—it must be," said she.

They crept slowly back as far as to the north entrance of Dell-i'-th'-rock, where their ways parted.

"Then I shan't see you again?" he said, facing her, and leaning on Pearston's stick.

"How can you?"

"I see your reason well enough, but it is no consolation to me. What a blow! Who could expect it? To come so far, and to be so disappointed! You broke an implicit promise, Avice, even if not a verbal one!"

"Don't reproach me, Henri! My poor mother—There, don't let us talk of it. I couldn't have married you, dear. It would have grieved my mother so. There, I am going! Can you really walk back?"

Perhaps he kissed her—more than once; perhaps he did not. There were sniffings and sighings at least, and the young man went along the north road. Avice stood awhile watching his feeble gait; then, as if she could bear it no longer, walked wildly towards her own house.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### HE BECOMES RETROGRESSIVE.

Meanwhile, Pearston had entered the gate of the new castle precincts, and, knowing the grounds well, hastened across them inside the wall to the gate opening near their dwelling. He had just time to slip over the way and reach the porch before she arrived round by the regular road.

"Where have you been so long, Avice?" sternly asked the man of nine-and-fifty.

"I will tell you," said Sweet-and-Twenty, with breathless humility. "I have kept you up, haven't I? And you so tired! I could not help it, as you will say when I explain."

She accompanied him indoors, sat down without removing her hat or cloak, and went on to him, as he seated himself opposite. "I have been crying; you can see that, I dare say." While he regarded, she could not repress renewed tears. "It has happened in this way. Just before you arrived, a young man, whom I had not seen for two years, wrote to me saying he was coming to the island to claim me. He—he had been my lover" (here Avice's delicate lip and chin quivered) "when he lived here in England. But I thought—he had deserted me. . . . However, he came, not knowing that I—that I—was married; not wishing to be seen by anybody till he had found out if I was faithful, he sent a boy with a message; and my name being still Pearston, he did not discover I could not be his, and I had to go out to him and tell him. He had been taken very unwell in crossing, and has not yet recovered, because the sea-sickness caused him some internal bleeding." She continued, sobbing outright: "I wish—he could see a doctor!"

"He shall see a doctor. I'll send one to him at his lodging, if you'll tell me where that is."

"It is at the Green Mermaid."

"How did you get to know this young man originally?" asked Nine-and-Fifty.

"He was the French master at B—B—Budmouth two or three years ago," Twenty replied; "and I learnt of him, and"—

"Fell in love with him."

"I suppose I did. But he did with me—first!"

"And why, in the name of common-sense, didn't you marry him before ever you saw me?"

"We would have married! Only mother thought—she was quite wrong—she thought that as he was penniless and I should have a little money he wanted me on that account. And she didn't like the idea of my marrying a foreigner. Then he went away to his own country to see his friends and get them to help him, so that he might be no poorer than I. They, too, objected to his marrying. He then wrote to say he would not bind me, but if he did get rich and independent he would let me know. As he didn't get richer, he was too honourable to write to me."

"Why did he come back, then?"

"He said he couldn't help it, because he kept thinking of me!" she murmured. "I wish he hadn't come! But I am rightly punished for thinking he could ever forget me! . . . There was not time for me to hinder his coming, and he didn't know how matters were till we stood face to face."

Pearston could not help picturing the scene of the meeting of the two young things and the moment of her sad announcement, under the light of the moon.

"He'll go away to-morrow," she pleaded, "and I shall never see him any more! I hope you'll forgive me, Sir. I am sure not to see him again, because—because, if he reaches home alive, he'll soon die!"

Avice had spoken with great self-command up to this moment, but her firmness gave way, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"I can't—help crying—I know I ought not to—but I loved him very much, and he loved me! And I didn't know he would come again!"

Pearston himself was affected to tears by her utter misery. The results of this marriage were beginning to be bad enough for him; but his was, at worst, a negative grief. To her it was direct and terrible. He took her hand. She had been so frank in her speech, and honourable in her conduct, that he was on her side as against himself.

"I do not blame you at all, dear one," he said. "You would be justified in eloping with him, after such a trial. . . . I wish I could mend all this misery I have caused so unintentionally by my persistence in a cruel blunder."

"I'll try—not to mind, Sir; and I'll do everything I can to forget him—as I ought to do, I know. I could have done it better if he had not been taken ill. O! do you think he'll die?"

"No, no. You must not trouble about that, my child. We'll get the best advice for him if a doctor becomes necessary. I'll go and see him this very night or to-morrow morning. What is he like? Have you a photograph? You have, for certain!"

"I had one; but I destroyed it the day before I married you, because I thought it was not well to keep it."

"Suppose you had never seen me, do you think you would have married him now, since he has come back?"

"O, you can guess well enough—if he had not been too ill! And if he had been too ill I should have nursed him—seeing how he is alone here, without a friend; all because of me!"

"You shall nurse him now. Your having married me need not make any difference at all."

Pearston's sense of his cruelty grew so strong that he could not help kissing her forehead in pure sympathy, as if she were a child under his care. Then he hastily went out—to smoke and think, he told her.

In the open space before the house he walked up and down, the prospect eastward being bounded by the distance-line of the sea; so faintly and delicately drawn, yet the most permanent of features in the prospect. On the other side of him rose the front of his wife's home. There was now a light in her chamber-window, showing that she had retired for the night. The longer he looked the less was he able to escape the conviction that he was the kill-joy of that young life. To any man it would have been an uneasy consideration; to him it was a double and treble gloom of responsibility; for this life was the quintessence of his own past life, the crowning evolution of the idea expressed by the word "Avice," typifying the purest affection it had ever been his lot to experience.

It was certainly an age of barbarism in which he lived; since, whatever were his honest wish to right this ill matter, he could not do it. More, a formal legal ceremony gave him the power at this moment, or at any other, to force his presence upon that suffering girl.

Instead of re-entering Pearston walked along the few hundred yards to the Green Mermaid. A light, too, was in an upper room of the small inn. He wondered if it were Henri's bed-room, and entered the house, though it was on the point of being closed.

To his inquiry of the landlord, a home-come sailor, if a gentleman had taken a room there, an affirmative was returned. "A French gent—Mr. Mons Levere—him as used to teach in Budmouth. He's badish wi' his stomach, and had to go to bed. We be going to take 'en up a cup of cocoa."

"Will you ask him if he can see me? Tell him I am a friend—that's all."

The sailor went upstairs, and on returning said that Mr. Mons Levere would be glad to see him. Pearston found his way to the chamber where poor young "Mons" (as he had used to be called in Budmouth, from the appearance of his name on the doorplate) welcomed him feebly from his pillow. A handsome young man with a silken moustache and black curly hair, he seemed little more than Avice's age, though he was probably older, his large anxious eyes and nervous



temperament subtracting somewhat from his years. Having resided in this country with few interruptions since he was fifteen, his English was nearly as good as Pearston's.

"I come as a friend," said the latter. "We met an hour or two ago, if you remember. I am the husband of Avice Pearston. Don't start or disturb yourself. I bear you no ill-will, my lad, on that account. I have only come to inquire how you feel."

The young man confusedly replied that he had felt better since lying down, and his visitor said that he would send a doctor on the morrow, if only for his own satisfaction.

"But, Sir; why should you be anxious about me?"

"Never mind that. Now tell me frankly—Did you come from your own country on purpose to see Avice?"

"Yes; but, Heaven! I didn't know my Avice was a wife! I came to marry her!" He turned his face away to the wall, and murmured to himself his regrets.

"Well, don't think too much of that just at present. If you would like to see her again she shall come with me to-morrow."

"You are very kind!" cried the young man, turning back to Pearston and seizing his hand. "Let me see her once—

#### ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (New Bond Street) the perilous experiment of confronting Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy's very French ways with the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's "Waterways of England" will not commend itself to the majority of visitors. Mr. Stephen Coleridge is essentially an "ancient" in his views of landscape-painting, and seems almost to follow the ways of "Barker of Bath," who, although respectable, was not eminent in his generation. The series of pictures, painted under a sense of constraint, comprises views of many spots in England which well deserve the painter's notice. The river Wey, the Basingstoke Canal, and the delightful Devonshire streams the Otter and the Sid have spots which Mr. Coleridge has done well to transfer to canvas; but we could have wished that he had done so in a way more consonant with present taste. His style is a corrective or a contrast to that of his fellow-exhibitor, who finds his inspiration in clothes hung out to dry and ladies caught, as it were, *en déshabille*, or at least unawares. In his portraits, however, it must be admitted there is much patient work, and, to those who can recall Prince Troubetzkoy's earlier methods it will be evident that he is rapidly getting a mastery over the technical part of his painting, and that ere long his undoubted talent will show its full strength and resource.

The decision so rapidly reached to assign the site of

West Riding who was asked to become the chairman of the art school in his own town declined, on the ground that he had in vain attempted to obtain from it the designs of which he was in daily need. When we can point to our technical schools organised on the basis of those which have done such good work at Lyons, St. Etienne, and Rouen, in France; at Elberfeld, Giessen, and Breslau, in Germany, we may with a calmer conscience discuss the advisability of establishing courses of history, political economy, and other subjects which, we are told, the artisans "are thirsting for," on moderate terms.

There is obvious need for some revision, not of the catalogue of the National Gallery, but of its method of issue. It is now a little over four years since the long-delayed but excellent catalogue of our national collection was issued, and, although there have been occasions on which the more detailed guide-book was not procurable, the supply has fairly kept pace with the demand. But in the five years which have elapsed since the present catalogue was compiled upwards of a hundred pictures have been added to our collection. A few—but a very few—have been comprised in the subsequent editions of the work, and in this way an attempt has been made to make it correspond with the contents of the Gallery. No one, however, who visits the Gallery from time to time wishes to carry away a bulky catalogue, the duplicate or triplicate of which he already possesses, but no other way is suggested of his keep-



They reached the corner of the Red King's Castle, where there were some large blocks of loose rock, carved with the initials of natives of past generations. "Do you think it well to go farther?" asked the woman, as if she were anxious that he should return. "I fear I cannot," he said.

once only! I would not wish to see her but once! I shall be well in a day or two. I shall leave. I will never inconvenience you or her, Sir, any more afterwards."

Pearston bade him compose himself, ensured that he should be well attended to, and paced back sadly to his own house, where he glanced up at the window-blind that had been illuminated when he left. It was in darkness now. He strained his eyes back towards the inn: that, too, was dark. How wrong it was that there should stand a barrier, hard as the stone isle itself, between a heart in that house and a heart in this!

Having entered he wrote a note to the local surgeon, asking him to call at the Green Mermaid in the morning, and left it on the hall table with a direction that it should be delivered early. Then he went softly upstairs, and listened at the door of her room. She was not asleep, and he heard her gasp and start when he accidentally brushed against the handle. Pearston moved onward to the adjoining chamber, and what he sighed to himself might have been aptly paraphrased by two lines from "Troilus and Cressida"—

I had good argument for kissing once,  
But that's no argument for kissing now.

Why should he not play the benign giant to these two dwarfs, as they were in their emotional history, with its one little year of love-tempest to his forty years of the same? Because by that act of charity he would break the laws and ordinances.

(To be continued.)

Millbank Prison to the "British Luxembourg" comes somewhat unawares upon the public. The Government, anxious, perhaps, to show that it stood not upon the ancient ways, has suddenly called Mr. Henry Tate to take what he can get. No argument has, so far, been put forward by the supporters of the Millbank site in its favour beyond that of its not being near South Kensington. Possibly, however, experience will prove, when it is too late, that South Pimlico is not a more advantageous place for pictures. The unhesitating opinion of the keepers of the chief galleries of Holland and Flanders is that there is always a danger in having picture galleries in close proximity to canals, if not also to rivers. The damp arising from the water deposits a layer of solid matter on the pictures, which require constant cleaning and high varnishing to keep from actual surface damage, and it is still a moot point whether the canvas itself will not in course of time deteriorate in the damp atmosphere.

Mr. Goschen's remarks at the meeting of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching in favour of the endowment of literary study was of the nature of a counsel of perfection, and of more import to those in possession of the means of living than to those in search of a livelihood. From all sides we hear of the need of men and women who have gone through a course of technical instruction, of which the actual results can be seen in developing our manufactures, and thereby widening the basis on which they stand. At the present moment manufacturers of textile fabrics of all kinds, of metal work, and even of art pottery, are absolutely dependent upon foreign workmen for designs, which, if our art schools were properly directed, should be produced in this country. Within the last few weeks a large manufacturer in the

ing his knowledge "up to date." The obvious reform which common-sense and economy alike suggest is that there should be a supplement to the catalogue of 1888, always revised up to the close of the preceding year and on sale for a penny. It should be uniform in size with the regular catalogue, and capable of being bound up with it. As a first instalment of this work, Sir Frederick Burton might be invited to prepare a supplement containing an account of all the bequests and purchases made since the issue of his general catalogue.

The question of how far advertisements enliven or disfigure our streets has been under discussion during the past week, and considerable temper, if not spirit, has been brought into the discussion. This is an advertising age, and we must submit to its necessities; but, while there is no reason why the merits of certain productions should be hid under a bushel, there is still less reason why they should be emblazoned on every mountain-top, even by the most æsthetic advertiser. As, however, it would be impossible to elect, by open or secret voting, a committee of taste whose verdict upon all posters and placards would be regarded as final, it would be as well to submit to the present—perhaps temporary—outburst of hoarding-horrors. It is apparently the painter's eye which is most shocked by what he sees when he ventures into the streets; but in common fairness we ought not to forget that, while one painter—Professor Herkomer—made an effort, some years back, to improve the character of our glaring posters, a score of advertisers have encouraged artists by purchasing their works (for trade purposes), and these have shown no disinclination to supply a demand which they now think ought never to have been created.



## THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

*The Gods of Olympus.* From the German of A. H. Petiscus. By Katherine A. Raleigh. With a Preface by Jane E. Harrison. (T. Fisher Unwin. London: 1892.)—We may consider the personages of the Greek mythology in a

number of lights. First, they are so prominent in modern poetry and art that whoever wishes to understand current allusions—say, to read Keats—must really know something about the Olympians. Next, their adventures, if not edifying, are often diverting, and often beautiful—worth study for their own sake. Thus, to understand Mr. Richmond's picture of "Aphrodite visiting Anchises," it is well to know who the goddess was and who the mortal. But, for pleasure, it is well to study the tale as told in the Homeric "Hymn to Aphrodite." An acquaintance with Greek mythology is almost necessary in a respectable education. To be familiar

that I, for one, "hint airily that Dionysos may have been a bull or a tree, that Apollo may take his choice between a dog, a wolf, and a mouse." If this is meant as a criticism of my notions, I feel as if I were not understood of Miss Harrison. Under the worship of Apollo survived certain traits of reverence paid to wolves and mice; the god was said to have assumed the forms of these and other animals; images of them accompanied his statues, mice were fed in his temples, he was called "Apollo of the Mouse" in the Troad. But I never dreamed of asserting that the beautiful conception of Apollo was developed out of wolves and mice and dogs. I only argue that the god may possibly have taken over the sacred rites once paid to animals in Greece and elsewhere, just as the Church took over pagan festivals and planted the Cross on sacred stones. "Totems," as they are called, worshipful plants and animals, may have been, I conceive, the origin of some curious features in Greek myth

Aischylos, and even Aiskhyios, we know, but "Æschylus" is original. What has he done with his "os"? However, we start with the marriage of Heaven and Earth, and discover that the Erinyes answer to the Roman Larvæ, and we have Plouton and Aïdes for Pluto and Hades. No doubt it is proper to leave the amours of Zeus and Apollo in the dark, but, at the same time, this is not very serviceable to the young reader. These gods are best known in connection with their



FLORA (Naples).

with the various theories of the origin of myths is not so necessary, but the curiosity of the few—the very few—may carry them as far as this. To all classes of readers Miss Raleigh's translation, or rather adaptation, of Petiscus may be useful. The pictures, of which we reproduce some examples, display the gods as they were treated by the perfect or the declining art of Hellas. A few archaic

specimens of stiff, grinning idols, if they had been included, would have shown boys and girls that the Greeks, like other people, learned but slowly to draw and to model. But young people are expected to learn so much (though a natural preservative keeps them from doing so) that we may welcome any diminution of their labours. Probably they do not care about the problem of the origin of myths; nor is it necessary that they should be troubled with that topic. Let them take the gods as they find them in Homer and the tragedians—beautiful, powerful, amorous, capricious, Artemis ranging the hills, Poseidon rising from the sea, Zeus turning his shining eyes on the Thracian horsemen, Athene staying the hand of Achilles when it is already on the sword-hilt. Let older



FORTUNA (Vatican, Rome).

people vex themselves about the origin of the legends—much good may it do us! Much have I read and much have I written on these dusty matters. Miss Harrison, too, has written and read, but, from a few references made by her to my arid toil, I find that I might as well have spared myself the trouble. Miss Harrison says that the philological theory—Mr. Max Müller's—is dead, I doubt if it is really dead; however, I am not concerned to defend it. Miss Harrison, unless I misunderstand her, thinks



HEAD OF APHRODITE FROM MELOS (Louvre, Paris).



NEREID (Naples).

and custom, features which puzzled the Greeks of a later day. But I do not think that mice gave birth to gods. The origin of the various gods is, to my mind, a question probably insoluble. In England and France, if not in Germany, we are beginning to see that they cannot be explained as natural phenomena, dawn or storm, by etymological analysis of their names. The names, as a rule, cannot be analysed with success. We do not know the original meaning of Artemis, or Athene, though learned and mutually contradictory guesses are made. Nor do I say that Artemis was everywhere originally a she-bear, though bear-worship left traces in her ritual and legend. Miss Harrison seems to expect much from an examination of the original tribes of early Greece and their various contributions to the Olympic assembly. Otfried Müller, a man of sense, though a German mythologist, did something in this way. But to pick out historical facts about the beliefs of tribes much earlier than Homer, and still earlier than history, is a delicate, and next to an impossible, task, though I do not wish to discourage Miss Harrison.

The first point that strikes one in the English version of Petiscus by Miss Raleigh is her bold individuality of spelling. Why (p. 3) does she write "Theokritos," if she is going to call the first of the three tragedians "Æschylus"? Æschylus we know,

NIKE OF SAMOTHRACE  
(Restored by Zumbusch).

VENUS (Capitol, Rome).

over the earth, haunting their former dwellings and kindred . . . they could not even leave the dead in peace." In Homer the Erinyes are guardians of natural order; they stop the mouth of the talking horse; they punish men forsworn. One does not see that they resemble the Roman bogies—ghosts of criminals. "In the Homeric poems the sirens are of no definite number" (p. 129). They do not come in both poems, they only appear in the *Odyssey*. They are "of definite number"—namely, two. "Our good ship came quickly to the island of the sirens twain" (*Odyssey*, xii. 167).

"Here stay thy barque, that thou mayst listen to the voice of us twain" (xii. 185). The Greek is in the dual. The boy who says that the number of the sirens is indefinite in Homer will take his seat with the same reluctance as the boy who says that Daphne was changed by Apollo into an olive-tree. Where is "Trinakria"? Homer speaks of Thrinakia, if I must use a *k*, and the Provost of Oriel spells his name "Monro," not Munro. I do not see why the events of the *Iliad* are recounted under the title "The First Year of the Siege." On the whole, I fear that this is not a very accurate, and it certainly is not a very entertaining, account of Greek mythology. The pictures (the vases were introduced only in the English edition) are useful; the references to special books, English or German, would be better if the number of the page indicated were given. Full references to classical authorities are given, and many of the quotations from English poets are like wells and oases in the desert. For mere pleasure, not to mention for divine scandals, one prefers Lemprière to Petiscus. But Petiscus is "safer," as Sir Pitt Crawley said about Hume in comparison with Smollett, little knowing that the history referred to by Becky was that of Humphry Clinker.



THALIA (Vatican, Rome).



THE NILE (Vatican, Rome).





AN ALBANIAN MORGIANA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.—BY TREVOR HADDON.

## PROFESSOR HERKOMER.

*The Art Annual for 1892* (J. S. Virtue and Co.), of which the letterpress is by Mr. W. L. Courtney, is a handsome tribute to the talents of Professor Hubert Herkomer, the most versatile member of the Royal Academy. Many of his colleagues combine some sister art or some science with their painting, but of Mr. Herkomer alone can it be said that he can be seen "in the course of one revolving moon" painter, etcher, sculptor, and actor, as well as musician, stage-manager, and playwright; while in the intervals of his leisure he can devote himself to various crafts and superintend the building of a palatial residence for himself.

Mr. Courtney tells the story of Mr. Herkomer's life succinctly and pleasantly, rendering justice to the home influences under which his hero rose to his present eminence from very humble beginnings. He was born in 1849, at Waal, in South-West Bavaria, inheriting from his father, a wood-carver, his love of art and from his mother his love of music. When their child was only two years old, the parents set off for America in search of better times and a freer atmosphere than could be found in Bavaria in the reactionary period which succeeded the outburst of 1848. After a few years of struggle, the family decided to return to Europe, and in 1857 they were settled at Southampton, and Hubert Herkomer commenced his education at a school of art in connection with South Kensington, where he seems to have plodded diligently, but not without a protest on the part of his mother, who inclined towards a musician's career for her son. It was a commission from America to the elder Herkomer which decided the family finally in favour of art. The father had been asked to furnish some carved-wood figures of the Evangelists—life-size—and it was

at Munich only that he thought himself able to execute the order. He accordingly set off for the Bavarian capital with his son, who was to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of learning other methods of drawing and painting. On their return, the

painted under the influence of Frederick Walker. The picture was hung "on the line," and at once marked Herkomer as one of the rising artists of the day—a forecast which he did not, like so many others, belie. In the following year he exhibited "The Last Muster," the most popular, perhaps, of all his pictures, and one which, from a painter's point of view, presented a number of difficulties created and overcome that would have appalled many a veteran artist.



"SUMMER."—BY PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A.

family settled in the Wandsworth Road, and Hubert Herkomer entered as a student at South Kensington—where Fildes, Woods, and Parker were already at work—and it was there also that he first fell under the spell of Frederick Walker. To earn a living he at the same time attempted to work in "black and white," and luckily attracted the notice of the editors of *Pan* and of the newly started *Graphic*, where his first picture, in the sense of a composition, "Gipsies on Wimbledon Common," appeared, and here also was published the first drawing of his "Chelsea Pensioners in Church." It was not, however, until 1873 that he sent to the Royal Academy his first oil painting, "After the Toil of the Day," a study of Bavarian life,

From this time onward Professor Herkomer's career has been one of almost unchecked success in the various branches of painting he has by turns followed—landscape, portraiture, and peasant life. In all he has created types which have found imitators even among those least ready to recognise their debt. But his restless activity has not permitted him to give all his time to painting; the other

arts of music, architecture, sculpture have been followed with no small degree of success, while the intervals of his time have been occupied with etching, metal work, wood-carving, and acting. His school at Bushey, no less than his lectures, bears witness to his zeal for the practice as well as for the theories of art; while the recent exhibition of his pupils' work showed that his influence was not of that overbearing character which destroyed the individuality of his followers. This is not the place to criticise Mr. Herkomer's work—the various specimens brought together in this annual show many of its sides and some of its best qualities—and those who wish to learn how much the Bavarian artist has done for English art, and how singularly his art reflects his origin, cannot do better than study the career which this volume unfolds and ably illustrates.



"HARD TIMES."—BY PROFESSOR HERKOMER, R.A.



# THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL

FIFTY THOUSAND applications for tickets of admission to St. George's Hall to witness the presentation of the freedom of the City of Liverpool to Mr. Gladstone was embarrassing but indisputable evidence of the tremendous interest that was felt by all classes of the inhabitants in the felicitous ceremony that was gracefully and successfully performed at what was technically a special meeting of the Liverpool City Council on Saturday, Dec. 3. There is probably no city in the Empire in which a large section of the population is more irreconcilably hostile to Mr. Gladstone's politics than Liverpool, and when, shortly before the General Election, the local leader of the Liberal party, Mr. R. D. Holt, the present Mayor, proposed to confer upon him the honorary freedom, the majority of the

destroyed. That would have robbed the bestowal of the freedom of its grace and charm. As soon as the General Election was over the Conservatives were ready and eager to join in the proposal to confer the freedom of the city upon the new Prime Minister, and when, for the second time, Mr. Holt submitted his motion in the Council Chamber it was warmly seconded by Mr. Forwood, and carried with acclaim. Not only so, but the subsequent reverse of the Conservatives at the municipal polls, the loss of their party majority in the Council, and the installation of a Liberal Mayor have not in the slightest degree weakened their desire to see Mr. Gladstone's name enrolled in the list of honorary freemen, which, it is hoped, will soon be displayed upon an ornamental tablet in the Townhall, or caused them to join one whit less heartily in the brilliant ceremony that has now taken place. If they have a regret at all, it is that the ceremony did not take place during the mayoralty of Mr. J. de Bels Adam, in circumstances which would have enabled a Conservative Mayor, who by the admirable discharge of his civic functions won the enthusiastic admiration alike of Conservatives, Liberals, and Nationalists, to show to Mr. Gladstone how cordially his political opponents could join in doing him personal honour, and how powerless political differences are to blind his fellow-townsmen to his high qualities as a citizen, a man of letters, and a statesman.

These prefatory observations are necessary to an intelligent



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"This magnificent hall—one of the greatest ornaments not only of this municipality, but I might almost challenge herein comparison of any municipality in this country."—

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

appreciation of the welcome given to Mr. Gladstone on Saturday and the anxiety that was manifested to gain a seat within St. George's Hall. A mizzling rain that could scarcely be seen but could easily be felt made the morning cheerless and cold and all sloppy underfoot, but did not damp the ardour of the fortunate ticket-holders. The hall was opened at eleven o'clock, and very shortly afterwards the three-thousand two hundred happy possessors of the indispensable pass filled every nook and corner of the spacious and magnificent hall. Mr. Gladstone was already there in effigy—a marble figure of heroic proportions representing him in the robes of the



HOUSE WHERE MR. GLADSTONE WAS BORN, RODNEY STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Conservative party, under the lead of Mr. A. B. Forwood, could not be induced to give the motion their support. They were pulled in one direction by a desire not to place any obstacle in the way of doing honour to a native of Liverpool, who, apart from his politics, is admired and revered by all classes of the community, and who by his statesmanship and contributions to literature has won for himself national and worldwide renown, and in the opposite direction by fear that if Conservative Liverpool should at that juncture acquiesce in inviting Mr. Gladstone to the city to receive the freedom, their action might be misconstrued, and the occasion utilised by their political opponents to propagate political ideas to which they were opposed. Desire to honour the most famous man that Liverpool has produced perhaps not unnaturally overbore the fears of some of the Conservative members of the Council, but their number was too small to secure the legal minimum of votes, and for a time the project had to be put aside.

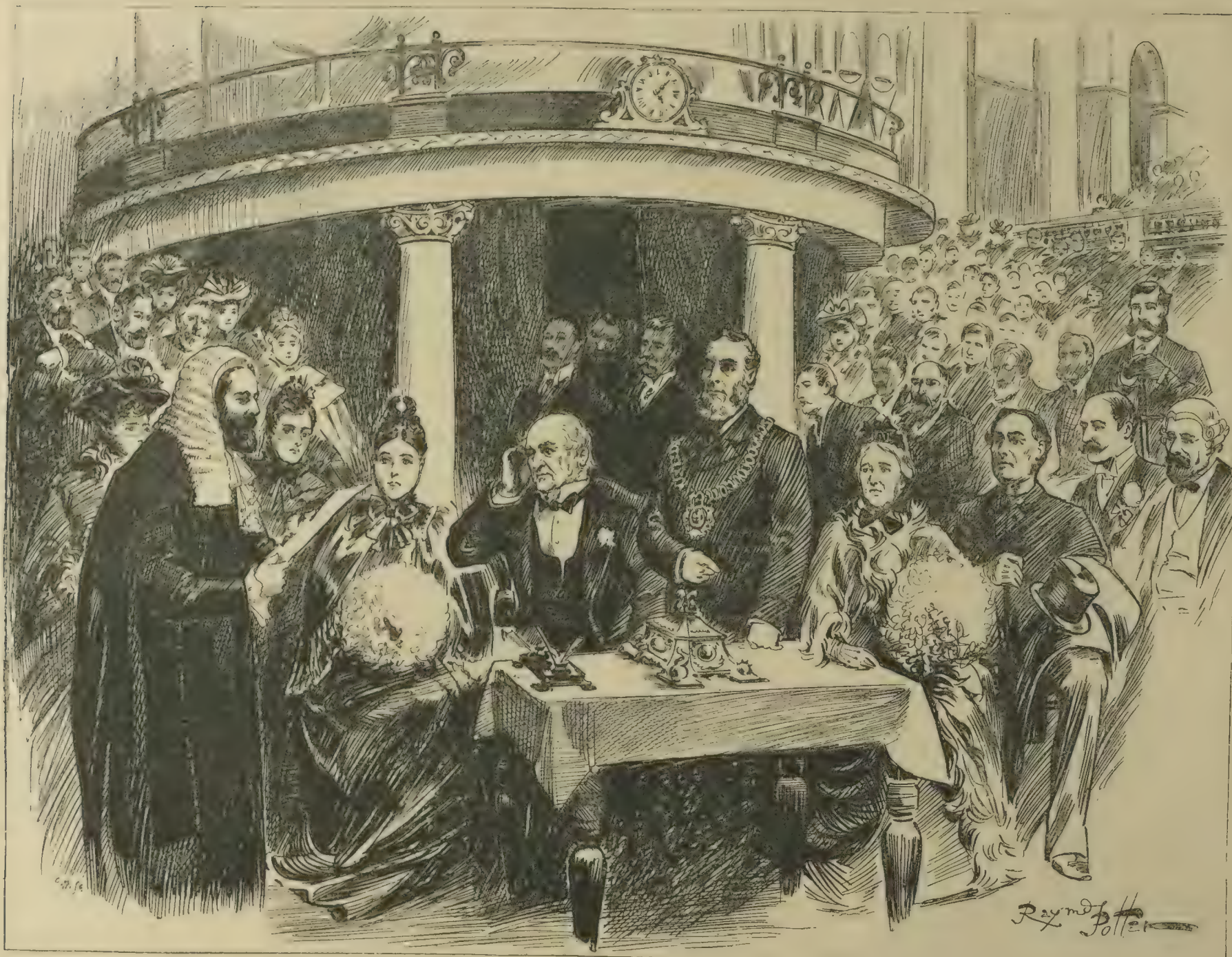
Two things have happened since then. The General Election has placed Mr. Gladstone in power, and the municipal elections in Liverpool have produced a local political revolution. After being in a majority in the Council Chamber for half a century, the Conservatives have lost their political supremacy, and the Liberal party now possess a majority in the Council Chamber. However, it must not be supposed that the Council delayed its tribute to Mr. Gladstone until the supremacy of the Conservative party had been



A HEARTY WELCOME: CROSSING FROM THE NORTH-WESTERN HOTEL TO ST. GEORGE'S HALL.



## THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.



THE RECORDER.

THE MAYORESS.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE MAYOR.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE.

THE RECORDER READING THE RESOLUTION OF THE COUNCIL CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY ON MR. GLADSTONE.

Chancellor of the Exchequer being hard by the central door through which he was soon to appear in the flesh. Near at hand were figures of the late Mr. S. R. Graves, formerly member for Liverpool, and of the late Lord Derby, the fiery "Rupert of Debate." Save for a narrow passage for entrance and exit, the floor of the chamber was crowded to its utmost capacity, the galleries were filled, and from behind the huge square pillars people craned forward if haply they might so get a glance at what was going on below. The centre of the orchestra was the space reserved for Mr. Gladstone and his friends and the special meeting of the City Council that was to be held under these unprecedented and unparalleled conditions. And higher up on the orchestra,

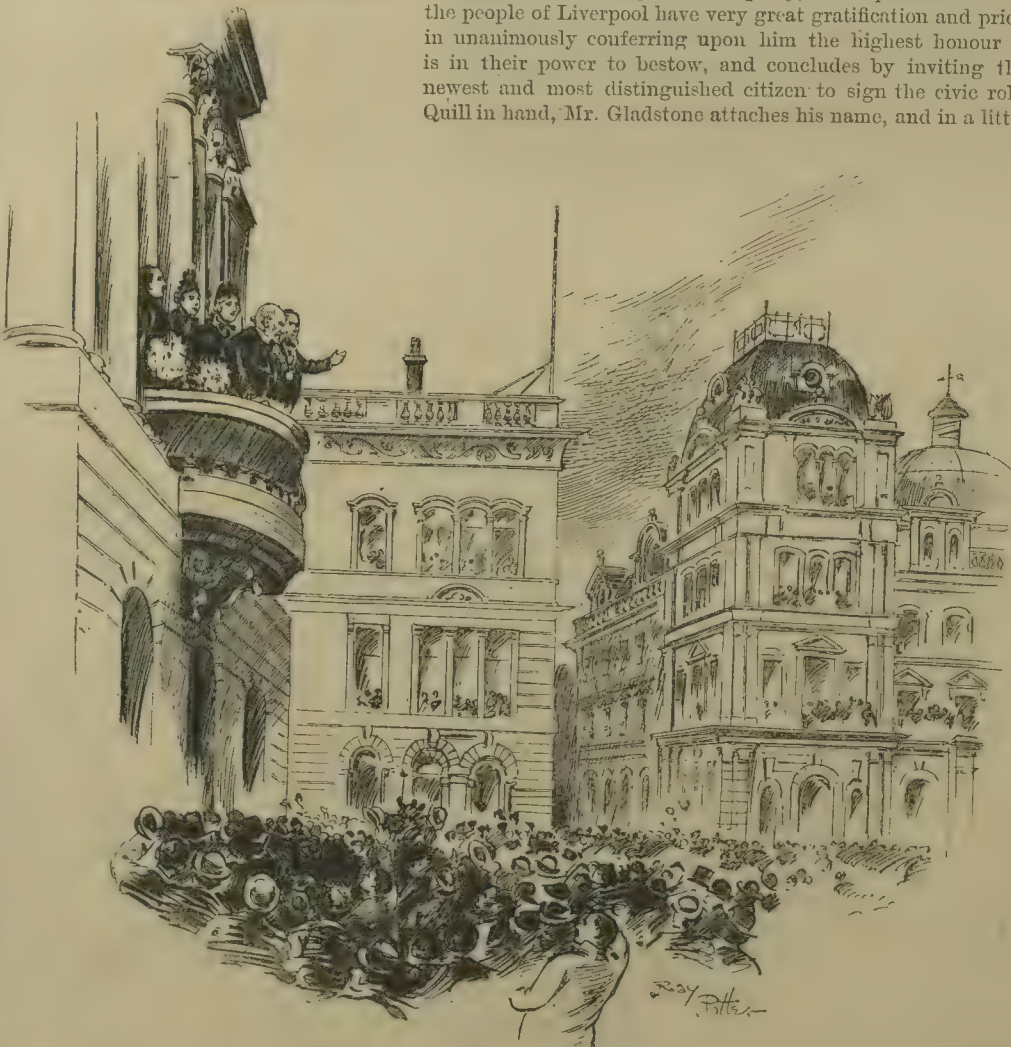
Mr. Best, the City organist, sends forth a welcoming strain. With one consent the people rise. Every eye is directed to the central door. The street, barricaded to keep back the crowd, is soon crossed, and, amid enthusiastic cheers, the procession is seen approaching. The sword-bearer and the mace-bearer lead the way. The Recorder and Town Clerk, each in wig and gown, effectively screen Mrs. Gladstone, who is escorted by the Mayor, adorned with his massive chain and badge. Mr. Gladstone, with the Mayoress by his side, next comes in sight, and is followed by the Rev. S. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew, and several members of the City Council, among whom is the ex-Mayor, Mr. J. de Bels Adams, and his charming wife. When the thunder of applause has died away and the guests are seated, the Mayor calls upon the Recorder to read the resolution of the Council conferring the freedom of the city upon Mr. Gladstone. As the sonorous tones of Mr. Hopwood resound

through the hall the audience punctuates the sentences with cheers. In a few well chosen words the Mayor tells Mr. Gladstone that, irrespective of party, the representatives of the people of Liverpool have very great gratification and pride in unanimously conferring upon him the highest honour it is in their power to bestow, and concludes by inviting the newest and most distinguished citizen to sign the civic roll. Quill in hand, Mr. Gladstone attaches his name, and in a little



SILVER CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE.

behind the aldermen and councillors of the city, seats were found for the Mayors of Birkenhead and Bootle, for members of Parliament, city and county magistrates, and other magnates, who for this occasion only were perforce consigned to back seats. It was such an assembly as Liverpool had never witnessed before. The mode of distributing the tickets of admission had made it exceptionally representative. The Mayor did not feel equal to the task of dealing with fifty thousand applications, and judiciously shifted the burden from his own shoulders to those of his friends. Each of the sixty-four members of the Council was invited to submit fifty names, and applicants for tickets were referred to the representatives of the particular wards in which they lived. The result was that all classes and all parties were there, and, for once, great was their unanimity. But now a sound indicates that the visitors are coming.



ON THE BALCONY OF THE TOWNHALL.



## THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.



THE LUNCHEON IN THE TOWNHALL.

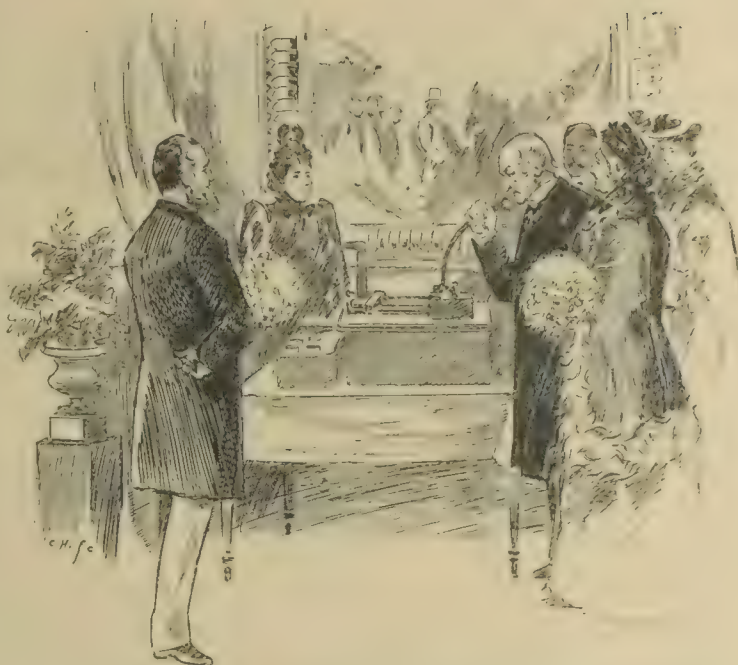
more than five minutes from the time he ascended the platform is on his legs returning thanks to his fellow-citizens.

It is needless to enter into the details of his speech. But who that heard and saw him can forget the pathos of his references to his early years, his affectionate and tender references to the old names that shed lustre on local history—to the Earles and the Rathbones, and the Holts—to his own father's early connection with Liverpool, the humour with which he corrected himself when he seemed

Mr. Gladstone naïvely avowed that he had not yet quite divested himself of the veneration that was inspired in him for Canning by the almost idolatrous regard of his father for that distinguished statesman.

What Liverpool was like when Mr. Gladstone was a boy it is difficult to imagine. The house in Rodney Street in which he was born is there still, but all its surroundings are transformed. Mr. Gladstone gave a glimpse in his speech of the departed beauty in the surroundings of Liverpool. His father had moved from Rodney Street to Seaforth, about four miles north of Liverpool and by the sea. Between that outskirts and Liverpool densely peopled Bootle now lies, and the Liverpool Docks line the northern shore of the river. But in Mr. Gladstone's boyish days there were some of the loveliest sandhills between his father's house and Liverpool that he has ever seen, and there were wild roses growing on a spot which is now in the very heart of busy Bootle. Alas! a million people now live where a hundred thousand did then, and all that remains of the beautiful sandhills is the grimy and uninviting railway station of that name; and the stranger who approaches Liverpool from Seaforth, instead of seeing hanging over the city a light haze such as marks the site of a small country town into which the steam-engine has not penetrated, must pass through long, unlovely streets, where the atmosphere is thick with smoke and the free air of heaven vitiated by most earthly fumes.

Another of Mr. Gladstone's early reminiscences was the opening of the Prince's Dock, at which he "assisted," but not in a very prominent way, in 1816. There were sanguine



AT THE TOWNHALL: MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING INTO THE PHONOGRAPH.

means exhausted. The mobility of his features during his address was wonderful. The strongly marked downward lines of the face, and especially of the mouth when in repose, almost disappeared. The visage became animated, now fired with the flash of the earnest eye, and anon wreathed with the wonderful wrinkled smile that is inimitable. When he sat down, and the vast audience gave vent to their feelings by long-sustained applause, it was pretty to see Mrs. Gladstone's lively



THE ART GALLERY AND READING-ROOM.

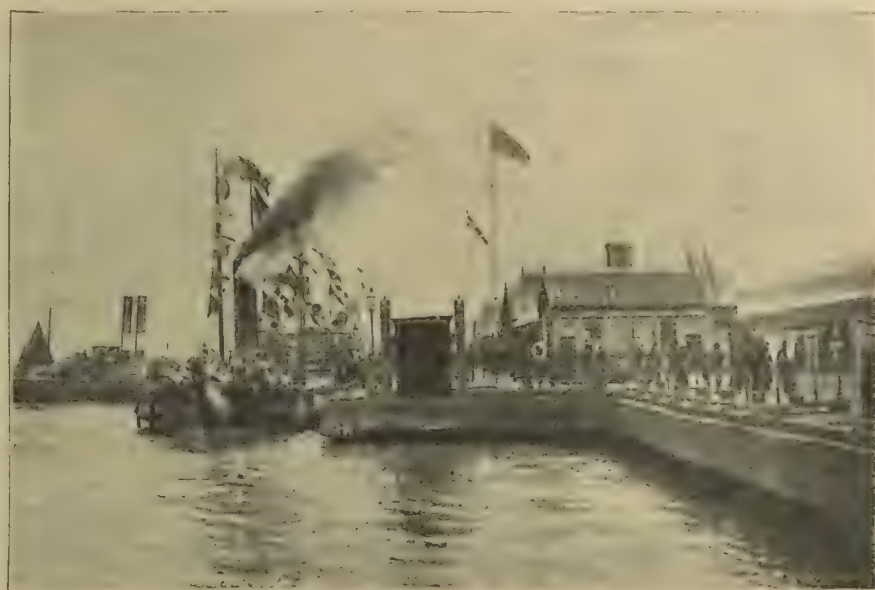
to imply that the Mayor was one of the ancients of the town and assured Mr. Holt that he was not going to accuse him of being of such patriarchal age; his strong faith in the future of Liverpool, and the earnestness of his advocacy of social and intellectual and religious advancement as worthy of higher and nobler effort than the pursuit of material prosperity? It was a speech full of worldly wisdom, high patriotism, and lofty aspiration, admiration of all that was most worthy in the past, sympathetic and critical in dealing with the present, and

people, he naïvely said, who then thought that some day the trade of the port would so much increase as to utilise the whole of the quays of this large dock. But this appears to have been daring optimism. Now the docks extend three or four miles northwards and southwards of the Prince's Dock, and there is an immense dock estate on the opposite side of the river.

In the course of his remarks the right hon. gentleman begged the people of Liverpool not to devote themselves too exclusively to the promotion of material prosperity. They have in St. George's Hall probably the finest municipal structure in the country. He admires it, he says, more every time he enters it. They have a noble free library, an art gallery, and have recently added a magnificent University College. Their fathers, who were poor, as wealth and poverty are reckoned now, and who would be considered paupers if set down in modern America, parted with their money liberally in the public cause. He called upon them to emulate their noble example, and to erect a cathedral that will appeal to the religious sentiment of all sects and creeds, and be worthy of the wealth and greatness of Liverpool. And even more earnestly still he summoned his fellow-citizens to rise up against the great plague of drunkenness, that is a scourge, a national calamity, and a national shame.

Of all passages in his speech this was most enthusiastically and vociferously applauded.

The speech lasted fifty minutes, and, though the veteran orator spoke with great force, he did not seem to be by any



THE PRINCE'S LANDING-STAGE.

interest in the beautiful silver casket in which the roll of citizenship had been placed. It is of solid silver, rectangular in shape, and of Græco-Roman style. There are panels at the corners supported by massive and beautifully modelled dolphin feet, and the sides are decorated panels with emblematic scroll-work in relief. The front panel bears Mr. Gladstone's arms, at the ends are representations of "Literature



THE TOWNHALL.

hopeful and inspiring when looking into the future. Nor will anyone who happened to witness it forget the glowing smile that irradiated the features of a popular Conservative alderman who enthusiastically ejaculated "Hear, hear!" when



THE HUSKISSON MONUMENT IN ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY.



## THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO LIVERPOOL.



MR. GLADSTONE TAKING HIS DEPARTURE FROM LIME STREET.

and Science" and "Legislature," and on the back panel the inscription—

CITY OF LIVERPOOL.  
ROBERT DURNING HOLT, Mayor.  
Presented.

Together with the Honorary Freedom of the City,  
By the Corporation  
To the

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.,  
First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury,  
3rd December, 1892.

The corner panels bear representations of the city maces and regalia, and the cover, which is slightly domed, is surmounted by the arms of Liverpool, enamelled in heraldic colours, with Neptune and Triton as supporters, and bearing the motto "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

The roll of freedom deposited in the casket is also a work of art, and is the design and workmanship of Mr. Marples, of Liverpool. Within the initial letter commencing the resolution of the City Council conferring the freedom is a water-colour drawing of the Townhall. The ornamentation on the left of the design introduces various civic devices, and includes the maces, sword, silver oar, and city arms. Elsewhere the armorial bearings and crest of Mr. Gladstone are shown in heraldic tinctures, and beneath there is a painting of his birth-place, 62, Rodney Street. Literature and letters are typified in other parts of the ornamentation, and below the lettering,

which is in Old English court hand, with capitals in gold, silver, and rich colours, there is presented at the foot an admirably executed view of Hawarden Castle. An intertwined border of rose, shamrock, thistle, and leek completes the elaborate artistic device, which is lined and bound with the finest royal-blue silk, and mounted upon a carved ivory roller.

Awaiting Mr. Gladstone's reappearance when the interesting function, which lasted just an hour, had been completed was a crowd estimated at about fifteen thousand, and his emergence from the hall was the signal for a vociferous cheer. The party entered carriages that were in waiting, and, escorted by a cavalcade of mounted police, drove to the Townhall through streets that were everywhere lined with spectators. The Mayor had provided luncheon for 120 guests, including, in addition to his distinguished visitor and friends, all the members of the City Council, Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, the Right Hon. A. B. Forwood, M.P., Sir W. P. Forwood, Sir T. Brocklebank, Mr. A. Billson, M.P., Mr. J. A. Willox, M.P., Mr. A. R. Gladstone, Mr. W. L. Gladstone, Mr. Richard

Gladstone, Mr. Robert Gladstone, various representatives of local associations and governing authorities, and representative ship-owners, merchants, and other persons of local distinction. In the smaller compass of the banquet-hall both the Mayor and Mr. Gladstone experienced some relief in speech-making. The Mayor was longer, and Mr. Gladstone, as he said became the youngest citizen, much briefer than he had been before, and did not do more than playfully contrast his youth as a citizen with his age as a man. Recalling a saying of Mr. Cobden regarding old statesmen, that "their authority increases, while their capacity diminishes," he humorously promised to keep a sharp lookout for the fatal moment when he should become obnoxious, so that he might retire in a decent and becoming manner from the scene. Meanwhile, there was preparing for him a convincing demonstration that that time is not yet. It was known that after the luncheon he would appear on what is known as the royal balcony of the Townhall, overlooking the great quadrangle of the Exchange called the "Flags." Upon his stepping through the window there was discovered an immense throng. Every inch of ground space and coign of vantage was occupied. The immense concourse welcomed the veteran statesman with an enthusiastic rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow," and followed with "Auld Lang Syne." The waving of hats and handkerchiefs was a sight to behold.

Upon turning to retire there were loud cries of "Speak" and "Just one word," but Mr. Gladstone was not to be further drawn out. He retired into the Mayor's parlour, where a phonograph, into which the Mayor and the Premier each spoke a few words, provided an audible record of this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone took their departure for Hawarden



THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL, MR. R. D. HOLT.

by special train at 3.50, many persons mounting on the tops of adjoining railway carriages to catch a last sight of him, and before the train started the Prime Minister, addressing the Mayor, expressed himself as much gratified with his visit. The satisfaction is mutual, for no city is prouder of its newest freeman than Liverpool is of Mr. Gladstone. W. W.



DEPARTURE OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE: RETURNING TO THE RAILWAY STATION.



## LITERATURE.

## SILHOUETTES.

*Silhouettes.* By Arthur Symons. (Elkin Matthews and John Lane, London.)—So rare a thing it is to light upon a modern volume of verse wherein the sense of tone and colour is as signally made manifest as in Mr. Symons's last book, that you wonder why he should have called it "Silhouettes." This title is far more inappropriate than even M. Bourget's "Pastels." 'Tis an invalidish *fin-de-siècle* fancy to borrow in somewhat indiscriminate fashion the phraseology, sometimes the jargon, of one art to trick out the achievements of another. We have not all, *nous autres*, the unerring artistic instincts of Mr. Whistler, who justly perceives that music and painting (twin arts that should appeal mainly to the senses) have, or ought to have, most things in common. Now, as for literature, here we have quite another pair of sleeves: the very mechanism of the craft is of the mind; its primary excuse for existence that it belongs, before all, to the intellect. I do not, however, suspect Mr. Symons, who is certainly a poet and a good deal of an artist, of following any flimsy fad in mere mechanical wise or for the sake only of the vogue. This modish little title would seem more probably to be but a half-unconscious tribute (a "friendship's offering," as it were) to the most advanced and cultivated capital in the world. To be influenced by French art, to be filled with a species of *Schönheit* for that luminous centre of creative power, where all moves and lives with poignant, almost feverish, intensity, is natural enough in a writer so sensitive and so observant as Mr. Symons. Indeed, it is no matter for wonder that one of the most accomplished of our younger (I utterly condemn the disparaging word "minor") poets should show sympathy with the more vital movements of his time.

Yet is Mr. Symons no mere mocking-bird. Here and there, maybe, you may chance to find a stray line, an accidental stanza or so that seems a little over-reminiscent of other folks' work; but, in the main, these poems are as original as could be desired both in matter and manner. "Rain on the Down" is a pleasing example of Mr. Symons's more ingenuous style—

Night, and the down by the sea,  
And the veil of rain on the down;  
And she came through the mist and the rain to me  
From the safe, warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,  
And her face gleamed in the rain;  
And only the night and the rain were there  
As she came to me out of the rain.

And here is an instance of his rare gift of creating an illusion and an atmosphere—

Pale from the watery west, with the pallor of winter  
a-cold,  
Rays of the afternoon sun in a glimmer across the trees;  
Glistening moist underfoot, the long alley. The firs one  
by one,  
Catch and conceal as I saunter, and flash in a dazzle  
of gold  
Lower and lower the vanishing disc; and the sun alone sees,  
As I wait for my love in the fir-tree alley alone with  
the sun.

A very exquisite piece of what (for want of a better word) I must call impressionism, is this. Far less successful, far less true and spontaneous, are "Maquillage" (which appears rather to strain after raffishness), "Morbidezza," "Pattie" (a quaint medley of Swinburne and Wordsworth), and various other lyrics. But "In an Omnibus," "In Bohemia," "Emmy," "Emmy at the Eldorado," and "In the Haymarket" (which latter I should have liked well to quote) perform triumphantly what they attempt, each being in itself a fine and perfect piece of art.

"The Blind Beggar" and "The Old Labourer" are in another style and strain, and both are so good that I trust Mr. Symons may work this vein further. In conclusion, both text and cover are charming and suggestive. "Silhouettes" is decidedly a book to buy—a book to keep on the lower, accessible shelves. GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

## VOLTAIRE.

*Voltaire.* By F. Espinasse. (London: Walter Scott.)—The little book which Mr. Francis Espinasse has contributed to the *Great Writers Series* on the subject of Voltaire is very satisfactory and workmanlike. Voltaire was a "great writer" in more ways than one—that is to say, his merits are great enough in all conscience, and his bulk is, if anything, greater than his merits. The bulk of the documents which concerned these works and the life of their author is also enormous. To have to boil all this down into concentrated extract is no ordinary task, and Mr. Espinasse has performed it with no ordinary diligence and skill. It is possible that some readers will call his book dull, and will sigh for crackling criticisms, cheery generalisations, and a great deal of miscellaneous information as to the author's opinions about anything connected or unconnected (but especially unconnected) with Voltaire. Mr. Espinasse could probably have written a book of the kind that these persons prefer with about a tenth of the trouble which he must have bestowed upon this one; and it would have been worth (unless he happened to be the kind of critic of whom there are not more than one or two in any generation) very nearly nothing at all. Whereas in this little volume the wayfaring man who has no time to devour libraries will find most things that it concerns him to know about Voltaire's actual life and work put very clearly, sufficiently, and accurately for the most part. It is impossible, of course, that any two men should devise exactly the same scheme of dealing with such a career; and another person might have expanded where Mr. Espinasse has contracted, and vice versa. But the book, on the whole, deserves much commendation. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THEODORE CHILD.

*The Desire of Beauty.* By Theodore Child. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)—An Englishman cannot live in Paris for twenty years without paying some penalties. One of them is that when he dies there is likely to be a very small echo of his life-work in this country. There were many sympathetic notices of Theodore Child in the newspapers which chronicled his most premature and lamentable end; but I remember none which showed any comprehension of the man. His first title to repute was supposed to be the signature of "Theoo," which appeared for many years at the foot of the Paris Letter in a weekly journal. Then came suggestions that he was a man of cultivated tastes, a traveller, and the chief agent of *Harper's Magazine* in Europe. It might be added to this catalogue that he wrote a Paris Letter for the *Illustrated London News*; but neither this fact nor his renown as an authority on cookery can be said to round off his career. When you have grasped all these achievements and attributes you are not much nearer a true conception of Theodore Child. He wrote multifariously about men and cities, and during his later years he wandered about the earth in search of material for American task-masters. But his spiritual life was in art and æsthetic culture, and, fortunately for his memory, it is expressed in this little book before me, which, as an exposition of the aims of art and the functions of criticism, deserves to be held in honour by all who strive after knowledge and lucidity and serenity of mind. Here are no irritations and limitations posing as opinions, nor the affected ecstasies which have inoculated the word "precious" with a sinister silliness. Here is no impressionist mistaking the



THE LATE MR. THEODORE CHILD.

fantastic whim of the moment for profound wisdom, no partisan heaping contumely on some rival theorist. Mere controversial animus Child held in supreme disdain. "A flux of words without serenity" was his judgment on the thousand and one disputes which stretch the soul of beauty on the rack of this tough world. "Nothing is more alien to culture than the positive or scholastic spirit which makes a man believe that his own way of thinking and feeling is alone reasonable, and that all others are affectation, foolishness, and hypocrisy. While the categoric mind despises all ideas which it does not share, the cultured mind is content to ascertain ideas and to comprehend them." The book is full of this discipline for the spirit of combativeness which is the primal inheritance of most of us. But this catholicity of thought does not make the critic invertebrate. He is not satisfied with a melodious classification and an occasional impulse. The *multiplicité du moi* does not blind him to principle. To a clear perception of the eternal issue between idealism and realism there are few better guides, and the unreality of the formula of "art for art's sake" has never, perhaps, been more luminously expounded. Art is the expression of "that all-pervading and immortal illusion which is the mother of the world," and the mere reproduction of Nature, with no hint of the illusion woven by the artist's mind, is at best a stunted achievement. Technical excellence is one of the conditions of beauty, but the dexterity of hand and eye which bears no speechless message from the soul, and satisfies no standard save that of faithful imitation, is a barren ambition. Child clinches his argument with an illustration from Baudelaire, whose realist says, "I wish to represent things as they are, or else as they would be, supposing that I do not exist," whereas the imaginative artist says, "I wish to illuminate things with my mind, and project the reflection thereof upon other minds." Think what you will of this controversy, every page of this book is rich in suggestion and in the harmonies bred in a mind steeped in the traditions of the past and versed in all the tendencies of modern schools. I can pay no adequate tribute to Theodore Child's work, but I am sure that every æsthetic student who reads "The Desire of Beauty" will bear away a debt which will prove a worthy memorial. L. F. AUSTIN.

## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Why are the Christmas Numbers published in November? Of course, we know it arises from the exigencies of the foreign market, and in order that these pretty picture-books may be in the hands of our friends at the Antipodes at Christmastide. Nevertheless, it is destructive of illusions, as one cannot possibly get into the approved frame of mind so long before the Twenty-fifth of December! However, the public does not seem to feel this, as some of these numbers are already out of print. I was passing the office of the *Lady's Pictorial* the other day, and noted the magic words in the window, "Christmas Number Out of Print." Still, it is a pity that we should live so fast.

The first and foremost place among Christmas Numbers must be given to our friend "Mr. Punch," who is none the less charming because of his old age. Here we have the usual admirable drawings by men whose work has now become historic on the famous journal—John Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, and Harry Furniss. The big cartoon by Mr. Tenniel, entitled "Venice on the Thames," is one of the most delightful pieces of pen-drawing that I have seen for many a day. Mr. J. Bernard Partridge tells the story of "A Doll's Evolution" in a number of sketches in his very best style.

The *Graphic* has two or three coloured plates, but these are observable of all the world on the bookstalls, and it is of more importance to turn to the letterpress and smaller illustrations. Mr. Phil May opens the number with two humorous pictures on "The Superiority of Man." William Small, Percy Macquoid, and Hugh Thomson make up a perfect treasury of—I was about to say black-and-white art, but stop in time to remind my readers that we have throughout some of that admirable colour-printing for which the *Graphic* Christmas Numbers have long been famous. The most imposing name among the storytellers is that of Mr. Henry James, but in "Owen Wingrave," as in so much of his recent work, Mr. James is decidedly tedious—at least until well-nigh the end. Mr. J. M. Barrie, again, whose every literary effort—now all too scanty—we watch with eagerness, will add nothing by "Two of Them" to his splendid reputation. Mr. Grant Allen, on the other hand, who certainly writes too much, has written nothing since his volume of "Strange Stories" half as good as "Ivan Greet's Masterpiece," injured though it be by the didactic lecture at the commencement on the sins of the British public against authors.

*Black and White* contains some charming coloured pictures, but its best illustrations are those by Mr. Jacob Hood of Bret Harte's tale "The Transformation of Buckeye Camp." The story, however, is disappointing. Perhaps the author has written himself out. There is a story by E. Nesbit and Oswald Barron, entitled "Our Anniversary at the Hare and Billet," illustrated by S. Begg; but by far the best literary contribution to the number is Mr. Oswald Crawford's one-act comedy, "John Smith of Charlton."

The best story of the year is contained in the *Lady's Pictorial* Christmas Number. Mrs. W. K. Clifford is a bit morbid here, as in "Mrs. Keith's Crime" and "Aunt Anne," but she is one of the few novelists who do not overwrite, and "A Wild Proxy," while the longest of the Christmas stories, is by far the most powerful. Its illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen are also some of the most effective work that that artist has produced. The number concludes with some very droll illustrations by Leslie Willson, Louis Wain, and J. F. Sullivan.

*Pears' Annual*, which seems now definitely to assert its place among the most popular of the Christmas Numbers, owes its chief success to its four coloured plates, although perhaps a new generation has grown up which knoweth not Dickens's "Christmas Carol." I wish that that were my lot, in order that I might read it again in this sumptuous form and with these many clever illustrations by Charles Green.

*Sylvia's Home Journal* is full of interesting matter, and, indeed, the name of Graham R. Tomson announced upon the title-page as editor would be a guarantee of this. There is a charming little story by Mr. Barry Pain—"The Arrival," one of those delicate pieces of fancy in which he excels. Why will Mr. Pain not always write like this? An illustrated article entitled "Women Workers in Many Fields" introduces us to some ladies whose names I had never even heard of before. Contributions by Mrs. Tomson, Mrs. Comyns Carr, and Mr. William Sharp help to make up a splendid shilling's-worth.

*Fule Tide*, which is Cassell's Christmas Annual, is full of political and social satire, after the manner of the *World* and *Truth*, but this kind of thing has been overdone. There are some good stories and good illustrations in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic*, Paul Cushing, F. W. Robinson, and Walter Herries Pollock being among the writers.

The *Figaro Illustré* is a splendid number, but then the English edition costs three-and-sixpence. There are stories by François Coppée, Hector Malot, and Ludovic Halévy, and they are all illustrated in colours—superbly illustrated.

Three of the pictorial newspapers are content to give double numbers of their ordinary issue in celebration of Christmas. The *Queen* for Dec. 3 is resplendent in a tastefully decorated cover, and provides three coloured plates, one of which, entitled "School-Days," by Davidson Knowles, is among the best examples of colour-printing I have seen this season. The number itself appears to contain little more than an amplification of the usual excellent literary matter in this magazine. *Vanity Fair* has a story by Mr. Marriott Watson, one by Mr. James Payn, and another by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock. One of its supplements, entitled "Mixed Political Wares," is very droll indeed. The other is a charming reproduction of seven photographic "Types of English Beauty." The ordinary issue of the *Lady* for Dec. 1 gives a special Christmas supplement containing several short stories unsigned. K.





THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.  
DRAWN BY CONRAD KIESEL.



IF YOU WOULD NOT BE YOUR FRIENDS' ENEMY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THESE CIRCUMSTANCES? . . . .



For instance, with whatunction will dear Rover repay your caresses a thousandfold!

How charmingly unconventional dear Dido will be in her appreciation of your artistic abilities!

With how true an instinct will Rollo pick out your hat and coat from others, and by the aid of the law of dynamics—



—Gather your property together, and place the somewhat crumpled articles at your feet!

With what sublime indifference to consequences will the favoured Tidds scratch up luck on your nether garments!



What a singular lack of good breeding that same parrot shows when you wish to impress upon your hostess that no ill-feeling exists against her pet in consequence!

How difficult it is to measure that parrot's dislike to your own pet accurately!



Moussa's bulky presence suddenly reminds you that the cook left a fowl for your inspection in the dining-room, and that he looks suspiciously guilty.



How delightfully casual Pongo is in his tastes!



Tibbs, "who would not hurt a fly," goes for the calf of your leg.



Buster finds it somewhat difficult, maybe, to make his gentle disposition apparent.



"Oh! it's only my son's hedgehog, the dear boy's latest pet."



Whippet—a caution to paint—has a predilection for announcing his presence in a very unceremonious fashion.



Pup, who is nothing if not a rare sport, cannot leave fur alone—



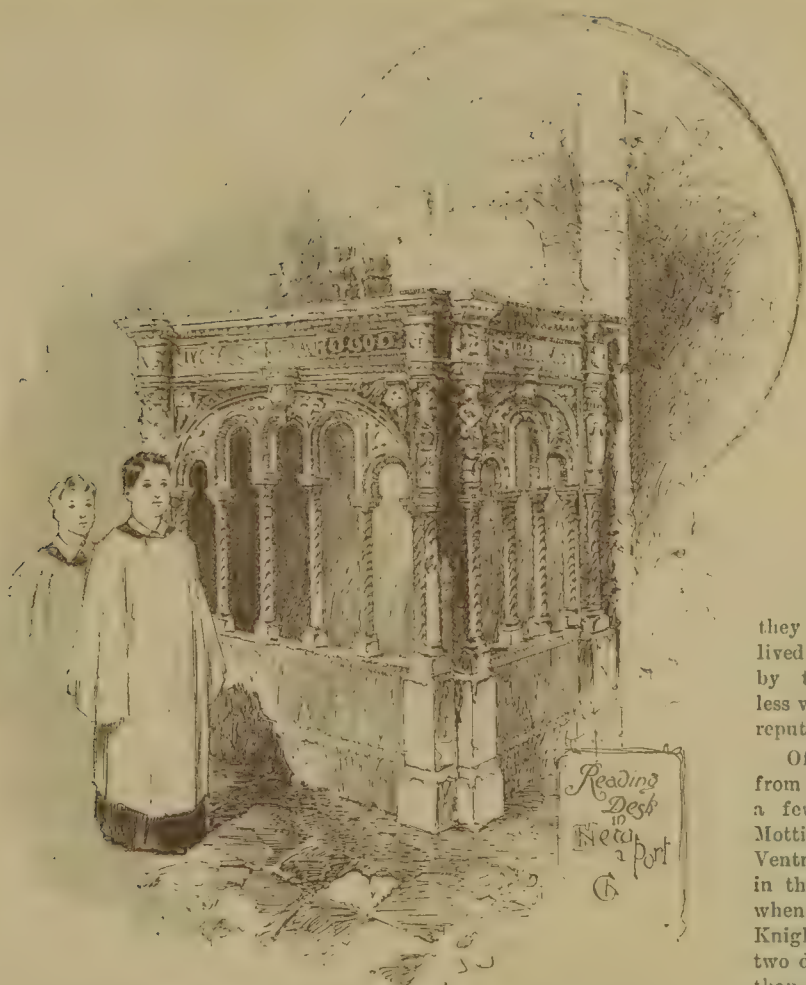
Louis Wain



— Dead or alive.

. . . . AND ECHO ANSWERS "HOW?"





### ARCHITECTURE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

*The Architectural Antiquities of the Isle of Wight*, by Percy G. Stone, F.R.I.B.A. (Published by the Author, Great Marlborough Street, London, 1891-92.)—It is not often that archaeologists and county historians have been also skilful draughtsmen. Had it been so, we might be in possession of many more pleasant records of our ancestors and their homes. The fourth and concluding part of Mr. Percy Stone's contribution to local history shows that he brings to the work on which he has been so long engaged this double qualification; and although, as might be expected, a considerable portion of his space is devoted to the architectural features of the Isle of Wight, he has not lost sight of the events with which the builders of the interesting churches and the occupants of the stately manor-houses are connected. Adopting Speed's natural division of the island into East and West Medine, Mr. Stone deals in separate chapters with the ecclesiastical and domestic buildings. The parish churches, which owed their origin to the monks, were in some instances—as the Abbey of Quarr—of great beauty, and were well maintained down to the Reformation—but many have now ceased to exist, while not a few of the private chapels erected by the lords of the various manors for their own and their tenants' use have since become recognised as public to the surrounding parishioners. Of the secular buildings, Carisbrooke Castle was the most important and probably the oldest; for, without entering upon the controversy whether it was the last refuge of the pagan Britons, we find it mentioned in Domesday, and from that time onwards it has been mixed up with some of the most stirring episodes of our national annals. Stately, however, as Carisbrooke still is, notwithstanding the persevering

efforts of restorers to deface it, it can scarcely compare in architectural beauty with some of the manor-houses which are scattered in such profusion over this beautiful island. Haseley, Limerston, Mottiston, Swainston are a few specimens (choice, perhaps, but not unique) of the earlier Jacobean period, with traces of a still more remote antiquity. With them are connected the names of the families who have left their mark upon local history—the Oglanders, the Warleys, Walsingham, Thomas Cromwell, and others, from Sir John Cheke, who "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek," to the late Laureate, whose long connection with the island will give it a lasting place in the history of our literature. Many of these lie beneath the walls

they erected or within which they lived and loved and plotted; and by their tombstones—more or less veracious—we may learn the reputation they left behind them.

Of the illustrations taken from Mr. Percy Stone's volumes a few words should be said. Mottiston, on the high road from Ventnor to Freshwater, was for many years in the hands of the Cheke family until 1623, when it passed to Sir Robert Dillington of Knighton. The present house was built at two different periods, but none of it is later than the middle of the sixteenth century.

Shorwell Church, not far from Carisbrooke, is at least a century older, some portions of a far more ancient building being still recognisable. It is most notable for the



THE ARCHITECTS OF CARISBROOKE CHURCH.

curious wall-paintings over the north door, illustrating each leading episode in the life of St. Christopher, which is assigned to somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth



century, but whether before or after Caxton had translated and printed his "Golden Legend" must remain a matter of speculation. Among the numerous monuments to the Leigh family in the church, that of the "Little Page," Barnabas Leigh, who died at the same time as his great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Leigh, is the most interesting, as showing the children's costume of the time (1629). The epitaph on the two, who were buried together, is exceedingly simple and quaint—

Inmate in grave he took his grandchild heir,  
Whose soul did hast to make to him repaire,  
And so to heaven along as little page  
With him did poast, to wait upon his age.

With Carisbrooke Castle, church, and village are connected recollections reaching from the days of the Conquest, for it was here that William seized Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent; where Isabella de Fortibus held out against the pretensions of Edward I.; where Henry, Duke of Warwick, was crowned King of the Isle of Wight; down to the times of Charles I. and his family, who passed months here as prisoners. Freshwater Church, which from its neighbourhood to Tennyson's home on the island has just now a special interest, is externally a modern building. Happily, the architect employed on its reconstruction dealt tenderly with the older fabric—a portion of which goes back to the twelfth century—and some vestiges of the De Afton Chantry, and of the Compton Chapel, which had been subsequently added, are still traceable in the south aisle of the chancel and in the Romanesque arch now removed to the north door.

Of these and many other noteworthy and picturesque spots Mr. Percy Stone tells the stories, and by the help of a skilful pencil shows how much still remains to recall the memories of the past.



SHORWELL CHURCH.





## THE DEPOSIT.—A TALE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

In one of the great merchant cities of Southern Germany dwelt the Lady Ida, fatherless and motherless daughter of the

me from this terraqueous world. Harken, Walter! It imports thee to know, for thy inheritance will be curtailed by my improbity. Trusting in the honour of his old friend's son, thy father has advanced me fifty thousand ducats upon the security of a sealed packet, whose contents I have fabled to be family jewels, mysteriously entrusted to me. Oh,

Walter, the sweepings of the streets were precious in comparison. Now go and denounce me to thy father—go and betray me to Ida."

"I am a gentleman," said Walter, stiffly, and walked a way,

carrying the pistol with him. The wretched Adelbert remained the prey of torturing thoughts, until a dismal sound struck upon his ear, and he fled precipitately as Alexis entered the grove reciting the latest version of his sonnet.

When Walter, on his part, had quitted the spot, he was tingling all over with the glow of a magnanimous action, or at least profession, which in its effect on the inner man is much the same thing. He had not, however, proceeded far ere he encountered a black and a white personage, neither of whom, indeed, had quitted him during his interview with Adelbert, or any of us at any period, but of whose presence he then became distinctly conscious. The black spirit thought that fifty thousand ducats was a great deal of money, to which his white comrade assented, but added that honour was perfectly inestimable. The black spirit had much to say about Adelbert's iniquity, and the white about its retribution. The question of Walter's duty to society was fully considered from opposite points of view; and then the black spirit introduced the Lady Ida, and, by depicting her in the character of Adelbert's bride, removed the debate from the realm of ratiocination to the region of sensuous perception, where the white spirit was at singular disadvantage. And as the arguments of the black gentleman and people of his sort are invariably found to gain in weight the longer one is willing to listen to them, thou wilt not marvel, judicious reader, to meet Walter next morning in Ida's saloon, making a clean breast of Adelbert's breach of honour, but silent as to his own.

Ida, however, soon made him confess that his knowledge of the secret was derived from

Adelbert himself, and intimated very plainly that she considered his the meaner action of the two.

"Oh, Lady," pleaded the impassioned Walter, "allowest thou nothing for the overwhelming might of self-forgetting love? Wouldst thou have thy slave sit stupidly beholding thy innocence entangled in the wiles of a swindler, in blind allegiance to conventions—nay, even to sanctions otherwise imperative? Not of such clay is thy Walter fashioned. Show him the law that restrains, the obligation that debars him from seeking thy weal through evil report and good report, and he will rend that law and spurn that obligation as he shatters this vessel and tramples upon this quadruped."

Ida's vase of flowers lay shivered upon the floor, and her little dog writhed and howled beneath Walter's superincumbent boot. He was evidently beside himself, and Ida could only recompose him by commanding him to depart her presence, and never return unless he brought the false packet with him.

"To what end, Lady? When it has been opened in court the cheat will be manifest to thee and to the world."

"And how know I that it may not have been tampered with meanwhile? Produce it to-morrow, or see my face no more."

Walter meekly represented that the deposit was not in his custody, an argument manifestly devoid of weight. He promised obedience and departed. On the way home he had much communication with his black companion, and ere the prescribed time this excellent young man had possessed himself of the packet by means of a false key.

He hurried to Ida with his prize, and placed it in her hands. She waved him back while she broke the seals. To his amazement, the first indication of her sentiments was a fit of laughter, but her expression became tragic when she had satisfied herself that the contents were indeed but paper. She turned fiercely upon Walter, who found it advisable to quit her presence with expedition. "How awfully fond she must be of him!" he soliloquised. "Would I had known it ere I sacrificed my finest feelings for her sake! And yet what a scrape I have got into! The packet is in her hands—was, that is to say, five minutes ago; for by this time it is probably in the fire. What will become of my father when it cannot be produced? And, more especially, what will become of me? Wretched Walter! lucky Adelbert! ungrateful Ida!"

"Make a counterfeit," advised the black spirit. "Confess everything," recommended the white. "I am sure I can't," replied Walter to the latter suggestion; and "I don't think I can," was his response to the first. He was, nevertheless, revolving a scheme for the acquisition of Adelbert's seal, when a knock came to his chamber door. "Enter," he cried, and one of Ida's domestics presented the packet, with the seals so cunningly restored as to leave no trace of opening, along with a billet from his mistress. Walter read—

"Forgive my impetuosity. In my agitation I did not stay to gauge the intensity of thy affection by the enormity of thy turpitude. Whosoever the contents of the packet are publicly evinced mere paper, account me thine."

Walter heaved a sigh of speechless joy, and hastened to replace the packet in his father's coffer. At the same moment Adelbert, alone in his chamber, was holding a phial of poison to the lamp, whose rays lent a baleful glister to the adder-hued fluid. An empty goblet gaped for the deadly potion. Adelbert's fingers dallied with the cork, when a hand smote upon the door without, and he hastily thrust the phial into a drawer.

"Pardon the intrusion," said Alexis, entering, "but thou mayest probably wish to hear my sonnet, which is now completed to my satisfaction, excepting thirteen lines. Moreover, the Lady Ida has entrusted me with a letter for thee."

Adelbert eagerly broke the seal. The missive contained nothing save a delineation of an anchor, the emblem of Hope. "Does she, can she know?" he speculated. "Is she a witch, or is Walter a traitor? Howbeit, the phial may rest where it is."

The great day had arrived. The court was thronged with merchants and lawyers. The parties concerned were present with their notaries—Adelbert pale as death, Walter's father flushed and fidgety, Walter sardonically calm. A magistrate read the formal notice that, the pledge not having been redeemed, the packet was now to be opened and its contents made over to Walter's father, subject to three days' grace of redemption. Adelbert's heart might have been heard to beat all over the court but for the buzz of excited whispering. Trembling with eagerness, the old jeweller broke the seals and cut the silken strings, and held up a mass of paper, scored with blotted and erased characters. "Alexis' sonnet, by all that's blue!" cried Walter. "Is this all, wretch?" shouted his father to Adelbert. "Wretch, I say, is this all?" Adelbert made no reply. "Ida has mocked me," he thought, with inexpressible bitterness. "Villain, you shall swing for this!" thundered the old man as he dashed the papers on to the table. A ring as of metal smote upon every ear, and

*He was continually inscribing a new draft of his one sonnet.*

highly revered Burgomaster Trottenheim. Beautiful, rich, her own indulgent duenna, she could not want for adorers, conspicuous among whom were three youths unequally endowed with the gifts of fortune. There could be no question of the wealth of Walter, son of the most opulent jeweller of the city; or of the poverty of Alexis, who seemed to possess nothing but the paper on which he was continually inscribing a new draft of his one sonnet, never to be finished in this world. But of Adelbert's property men only surmised that it was risked in adventurous speculations, and that his fortune alternately soared and flagged like a pitching kite. Perhaps, however, those who knew most would have marvelled least at the expression of absolute despair which darkened his countenance as one day he crept into a sombre thicket of yew, a pistol in his hand.

"It is over!" he cried. "She has flouted me to my face! Adieu to the last hope of repairing my losses, appeasing my creditors, and withdrawing that fearful deposit ere the day of reckoning, now so near at hand! I should die of shame then; better die of shot now!"

And he pressed the muzzle of his pistol to his temple. He was in dire earnest—another moment would have been his last—when the pistol was wrenched from his hand, and a well-known voice exclaimed—

"Hold! or at least declare first, for the information and, it may be, the consolation of thy friend, whether Ida has rejected thee."

"She has not, Walter," returned Adelbert. "Not the pang of unrequited love, but the goad of accusing conscience, chases



*The discomfited suitor could only stammer, "Wherefore?"*



one of fifty outstretched hands grasped and held up a brilliant object, flashing and sparkling in the sunshine that streamed through the court windows.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the aged lapidary, "these are the family jewels of the house of Trottenheim!"

"Which," said a clear voice from a remote part of the court, "I lent to Herr Adelbert that he might impledge them for the sum he needed, and which my lawyer will now redeem for the same, with added interest."

"Lady!" shrieked Walter, "how long have these gems"—but his father checked him angrily. Ida hurried blushing from the court, and Walter sank back murmuring, "Awfully fond of him!"

The word was taken up on all sides, and as the stunned and slowly reviving Adelbert found himself surrounded with old and new friends congratulating him upon his triumph and the near prospect of a wealthy and devoted bride, he could not but repeat to himself, "How she must love me!"

He escaped as soon as he could, and hastened to Ida. He fell at her feet, and thanked her for his life and honour. Then he urged her to wed him.

"Not for the universe, Adelbert," answered Ida, very sweetly.

The discomfited suitor could only stammer, "Wherefore?"

"Because compassion is not necessarily love. Because I may have desired to humble, even more than to help, thee. Because Walter would undoubtedly hang himself. Lastly, and this, indeed, is the principal and most conclusive reason, because I have been these three weeks privately married to Alexis."

## CAMEOS FROM THE "PEKING GAZETTE."

### A DISPOSSESSED OFFICIAL.

In one of the most beautiful parts of the province of Fukien stands Chienningfu, the "city of settled repose." Until lately the fortunate possessor of the Prefecture of this town was a Mr. Chiang, who had confidently expected to be allowed to serve out the three years allotted to the post. But in this he was doomed to be disappointed; for without warning he was one day ordered by Yang, the Viceroy of the province, to vacate his office. No provoking cause was given for this bolt out of the blue, and Chiang, while thinking himself justified in asking that time might be allowed him to make arrangements for settling his affairs, cast about to discover the meaning of his abrupt dismissal.

He soon discovered that a certain man named Liang had been intriguing to secure the enviable Prefecture for himself. This aspirant had an influential friend in General Shên, who, entering heartily into the project, enlisted the services of a pliant Mandarin, named Liu, to gain the consent of the Viceroy to the change. Having made this discovery, Chiang determined to expose the perfidy of the confederates. By the rules of the service the accusation had to be lodged, in the first instance, with the Viceroy, whose honesty having been already tampered with, appointed a subservient official named Hou to investigate the charge, with private instructions to hush the matter up. But Chiang was a man of energy, and the evidence which he succeeded in laying before Hou was sufficient to convince that officer that he was not a man to be trifled with. The telegraph had been lately introduced into the province, and, forgetting that what is written remains, the plotters had filled up four telegraphic forms, representing as many messages, addressed to and from General Shên, describing the progress of proceedings. These enigmatical sentences of ominous import were as follows: (1) "The Liang business

has been put through." (2) "Have seen Yang—wants 150 taels, advise you to bear the loss." (3) "Liang's appointment posted. Have you received the money? Telegraph reply." (4) "Money duly received and paid out."

The appearance of these messages gave an ugly aspect to the affair, and the Viceroy saw that it would be necessary for him to adopt a decided course. Without hesitation, therefore, he reported the case to Peking, and roundly denounced his quondam associates, Shên and the aspiring Liang, for their fraudulent conduct. At the same time he sent for Chiang and attempted by blandishments to induce him to withdraw his

defence. Liang met the charge against him with a direct negative, while the General, having the indisputable evidence of the telegrams against him, was obliged to shuffle, which he did without any apparent qualms of conscience.

The first telegram, he explained, had reference to an old friend named Liang, quite a different person from the first defendant, as he assured the Commissioners, who was seeking employment, and on whose behalf he had solicited the friendly services of the incriminated Liu. The second telegram, he asseverated, had nothing to do with the case, and added, as we may imagine, with a blush, that it related to the

purchase of a lady for his harem. This young person had, he said, been procured for him by a General Yang, but not answering his expectations he had been desirous to be off the bargain, and had sent word to that effect to Liu. Yang, however, refused to be fobbed off in that way, and hence the telegram from Liu: "Have seen Yang—wants 150 taels, advise you to bear the loss." The messages 3 and 4, he further added, related to a loan borrowed by the same Liang, and was a private matter between that gentleman and himself.

As there was nothing in support of this defence but the redoubtable word of the General, and as all the weight of the evidence was unhappily against him, the Commissioners declined to repose implicit confidence in his statements. Here came into prominence the peculiar methods of Chinese procedure. It was necessary that the facts should be elicited, and as only those implicated could tell the truth, the intriguing Liang was "got at," and was induced by the promise of a light punishment to make a clean breast of the whole affair. At the same time it was essential that the Viceroy should be saved from the ignominy of having to appear as a criminal. Liang's confession had, therefore, to be so framed as to exonerate Yang from any mercenary motive in the business. He consequently confessed that he had intrigued to oust Chiang from his office, and that he had enlisted the help of Liu, Shên, and Yang in the undertaking. All the telegrams, he added, had reference to the plot, with the exception of that which contained mention of the 150 taels, which was, he asserted, in support of Shên's statement, the price which that worthy had undertaken to pay for an addition to his harem. On gaining his appointment he had, he said, paid 300 taels through the shadowy gentleman of his own name to the private secretary of the General, who, *mirabile dictu*, had paid over the sum to the secretary of the Viceroy.

Here, then, the whole matter stood revealed in masquerade, and it only remained to pass sentence on the prisoners for their travestied shares in the fraud. The bribe paid by Liang was assumed not to have reached the Viceroy's hands but to have stuck to the itching palms of his secretary. That worthy, therefore, was sentenced to be banished to "a pestilential region," but inasmuch as he had died during the investigations the subsequent proceedings were held to interest him no more. Liang, the prime mover in all the mischief, was to be banished to Eastern Turkistan, presumably to watch the movements of the

Russians on the Pamir. On General Shên the imperial wrath fell in the shape of a hundred blows and banishment for three years to the military post roads. Liu, for his share in the business, was doomed to lose eight steps in rank, and the Viceroy one. But what, it will be asked, became of Chiang? It would plainly never have done for a Prefect to have triumphed over his superiors, and it was impossible, therefore, to acquit him of all blame. All his accusations had not been proved, and it was admitted that he had not given up his post at once when called upon to do so by the Viceroy. These were offences meriting punishment, but, since he had been cashiered from his Prefecture, the Commissioners considered that he might be left to the silent rebukes of his own conscience. So thought the Emperor, and thus no one was successful; the shadow of blame was allowed to fall on all concerned, but with so carefully graduated an effect that it scarcely eclipsed for a moment the fame and reputation of the most exalted criminal.



"MIGNON."—DRAWN BY N. SICHEL.

accusation. But Chiang was not to be cajoled, and, believing that he had his opponents on the hip, he persisted in prosecuting the charge. The Judicial and Financial Commissioners of the province were consequently appointed from Peking to inquire into the whole proceedings. These officials naturally desired to shield their chief, and, deeming that their best device was to protract the investigation, they allowed three years to elapse before their report was laid before the Emperor. By this manoeuvre the promotion of the Viceroy to a more exalted post was not interfered with, and Chiang's patience, it was hoped, would have become exhausted. But, far from this being the case, Chiang persistently heaped up evidence of a most damning nature before the Commissioners. The two prime movers in the intrigue adopted different lines of



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have long held the opinion that the origin of "fashion"—regarding the term from a broad and generalised standpoint—is to be found in religion, and this for the reason that primitive fashions are almost invariably associated with the religious observances of the tribes and peoples which are the subjects of the customs in question. Fashion is only another name for human striving after what is beautiful and comely. Unfortunately, a good many of the ideals which both savage and civilised humanity sets before itself in this way are the reverse of beautiful and the antipodes of healthy. But then ideals vary, and the standard of beauty is, after all, a relative one. What may seem very comely to one eye may be, and very likely is, plain and dowdy to the eye of another, so that we must be chary in judging of both the meaning and the beauty of fashion in dress, or anything else in the way of personal adornment, and especially in savage existence. In civilised life we certainly should adopt the motto "Health first" in relation to every phase of fashion. If it is better to be healthy than learned (at least, I think so), then it is better far to be healthy and unfashionable than to be attired like Solomon in his glory and at the same time to tread the pathways of suffering and disease. Yet this is what many highly civilised persons apparently prefer. We laugh at the Chinese woman's foot, to us a meaningless piece of "fashion." May not the Celestial retort upon our wasp-waists, which affect a much more vital region than does the Chinese distortion?—both fashions, to return to my original contention, possibly arising, to begin with, out of some religious phase of primitive life.

Of course, the original meaning of a fashion may be lost and the fashion itself be modified in "the process of the suns" and in the progress of the social evolution of a race. All the same, that human striving after what is beautiful bears a very close primitive relationship to man's offerings and sacrifices to the gods he worshipped in the far back past is not only a feasible idea, but one capable of a fair amount of proof. Look at the fashion of wearing earrings, for example. To-day it seems as meaningless in ourselves as in the savage races in which the habit is illustrated; yet there are texts in Scripture (to select one source of ancient history) which clearly show that this habit had a religious significance, that it indicated a certain sect of worshippers, and that, in short, it derived all its meaning from its religious associations. Suppose we had lost this clue to the earring fashion (which, by-the-way, associated with the boring of the ears and the drawing of blood, presents a certain sacrificial aspect), it would have appeared as meaningless as the Chinese woman's foot or the two buttons on the back of a man's coat, which, as "survivals" of once useful appendages, are utterly useless to-day and possess only an historic (and shall I add?) æsthetic value. It is notorious, too, that in the vestments of the churches we see survivals of very ancient fashions, some of which have passed outside the religious pale into common life.

The idea of the religious origin of fashion I take to be comprehended in the notion that primitive man may have delighted to offer his best and highest to the service of his gods. The deformities of savage life may be possible of explanation on the theory that the attempt to make themselves like the idols they revered resulted in the production of the distorted heads, teeth, and other marks of distinction prevalent among uncivilised men to-day, and whereof, I maintain, we get reflections even in our civilised life itself. The latest contribution to this most interesting topic which has come under my notice is that of Dr. Magitot of Paris, who has devoted much time and attention to the subject of tooth-deformities among savages. It is, of course, the front or incisor teeth which are malformed in this way. The central teeth are broken or extracted in some cases as a badge of servitude, while the incisors may be filed in various ways, especially in the Eastern Archipelago, where, as Dr. Magitot teaches, the operation has a most distinct religious significance, and where its extent varies conformably to the rank or caste of the subjects who undergo the mutilation. It is worth study, this idea of the religious origin of "fashion" at large, because it places very clearly within our grasp, I think, the meaning of many otherwise meaningless phases of our social existence.

Lately I referred to the views of Professor Lebour regarding the canal system of Mars, which he showed could be imitated closely by the markings produced on glass that had been broken by torsion. Other accounts and views of the canals of Mars have of late been expressed, one to the effect that the doubling of the canals is a real phenomenon and not to be explained on any theory of optical illusion or the defects of telescopes. But M. Meunier suggests that the light of the sun is reflected from the Martian surface in a highly unequal fashion. The continents reflect the light very much more powerfully than the deeper seas. In an experiment with a polished metal surface, illuminated by the sun, and having traced on it lines to represent the canals of Mars, M. Meunier obtained a double appearance of the lines by looking at the metal through a transparent sheet of muslin placed close to the polished surface. It is a fog-veil, in other words, which is regarded by him as responsible for the apparent doubling of the canals, the shadows being produced by reflection. The moon having no atmosphere, it is remarked, such reflected shades are unknown in lunar history, this fact tending to confirm M. Meunier's views regarding the real nature of the doubling of the canals of Mars.

What appears to be an observation of singular nature was recently detailed in the "Proceedings" of the United States National Museum by Mr. O. P. Hay. It seems that Mr. Hay was informed by two boys from Texas that some so-called "horned toads" (they are really lizards) which they showed him had the power of squirting blood out of their eyes. This curious assertion, it seems, had passed out of Mr. Hay's recollection until recently, when, placing one of these reptiles in a basin of water to facilitate the shedding of its skin, the lizard ejected a few drops of a red fluid resembling blood in colour. Under the microscope, the fluid was found to be really blood. On a subsequent occasion the lizard ejected the fluid out of its right eye while Mr. Hay was holding it in his hand. Dr. A. Russell Wallace also noticed this phenomenon many years ago in respect of these lizards. What the purport of the habit is forms, of course, matter for thought and reflection. Perhaps we may not be very far astray if we regard this property of ejecting blood from the eye as analogous to that seen in other animals where other secretions may be made use of for startling an enemy or for offensive purposes. Possibly, also, the case may illustrate the "sexual selection" idea of Darwin, if it is developed in one sex to the exclusion of the other.

If parents and others wish to present their boys with a Christmas gift-book of a scientific nature, popular, readable, and, above all, interesting, I advise them to buy the work entitled "Extinct Monsters," by the Rev. H. Hitchinson. This book reads like a fairy tale; indeed, it is a fairy tale of science.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E K (New Cross).—We cannot reply by post, and we are somewhat tired of answering correspondents who do not seem to know chess. If Black, as you say, moves his Rook, the White Pawn at K 7th takes it off, becomes a Knight, and gives mate. We have told this to correspondents many times the last month.

R M GRIFER.—See answer above, which equally applies to your case. Both problems were quite correct, and you must get an elementary chess book if you cannot see that they are so.

J P MOORE.—Your four-move problem can be solved in three, by 1. Kt to Q 7th, K moves, 2. B takes R, and 3. Q mates.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—We will have another turn at your problem shortly.

M A J (The Hague).—The problem was quite right and correctly printed. If you look at the first of these answers, you will see how the mate is effected in the more apparent variations.

J B BARRETT.—Rowland's "Chess Directory." Apply to the compiler, Victoria Terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

W J A.—Gossip's "Theory of the Chess Openings." Allen and Co., Waterloo Place; or "Chess" by L. Hoffer, Routledge, Ludgate Hill.

N GUSZBERG (Warsaw).—In New Orleans, June 1887.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2331 received from B W La Mothe (New York) and John G Grant; of No. 2332 from James Clark (Chester), John G Grant, and J Emerson (Salford); of No. 2333 from VI (Turkey), A H B, John G Grant, John M Mourat (Folkestone), and James Clark; of No. 2337 from Surrento (Dawlish), Black, Howich, E H Whinfield, James Clark, B G Boys, W R B (Plymouth), M Salen (Tristele), P Fagan, and L Desanges.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2334 received from W Guy, jun. (Johnston, N.B.), T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, J Coal, J P Moon, J D Tucker (Leeds), H B Hurford, Columbus, W P Hind, A Newman, T G Ware, Surrento (Dawlish), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E London, Martin F, R H Brooks, Julia Short (Exeter), G E Perugini, E R H, L Desanges, E H Whinfield, P J Knight, W R Bailen, E G Boys, Joseph Wilcock (Chester), Alpha, W Wright, A H B, Hereward, R Worters (Canterbury), Bluet, Charles Burnatt, Victorino Aoi y del Frago (Pamplona), G Joyce, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), G Müller, W J Bee (Lyde), K Templar, and M Sharpe.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2537.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Q 5th 2. Kt to B 6th 3. P mates.

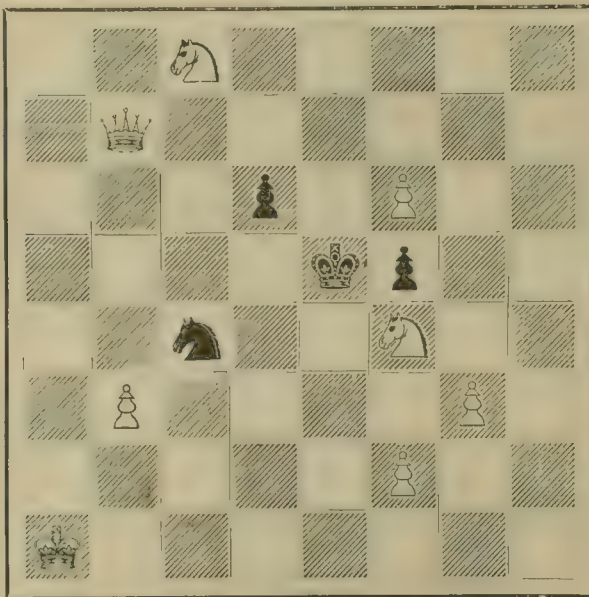
BLACK. B to Kt sq, or Kt to B 2nd Any move.

If Black play 1. K takes P, or R takes P; 2. Kt to K 3rd; and if 1. Kt at K 3rd moves, or 1. P to Kt 6th, then 2. P to B 3rd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2540.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City Chess Club between Mr. C. MORIAU and Mr. H. JACOBS. (King's Gambit declined.)

|                  |                |                   |                |
|------------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. M.)   | BLACK (Mr. J.) | WHITE (Mr. M.)    | BLACK (Mr. J.) |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th     | 17. P takes P     | Q to K 2nd     |
| 2. P to K B 4th  | B to B 4th     | 18. Q Kt to Q 2nd | B to Q 3rd     |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 3rd     | 19. Kt to Q B 4th | R to Q R 3rd   |
| 4. B to B 4th    | Kt to K B 3rd  | 20. Kt to K 3rd   |                |
| 5. P to Q 3rd    | Kt to Q B 3rd  |                   |                |

B to Kt 5th should have been played now or on the next move. The blocked position of this Bishop is the weak point of Black's game throughout.

|                 |               |                     |                |
|-----------------|---------------|---------------------|----------------|
| 6. P to Q B 3rd | Castles       | 21. Q R to Q sq     | Q to Q sq      |
| 7. B to Kt 3rd  | B to Q Kt 3rd | 22. Kt to Q 5th     | B to K 2nd     |
| 8. P to B 5th   | Kt to Kt 5th  | 23. B takes Kt      | B takes B (ch) |
|                 |               | 24. Kt takes B (ch) | P takes Kt     |
|                 |               | 25. Q to Q 2nd      |                |

This is the mere semblance of an attack, which only loses.

|                  |                 |                  |                  |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 9. Q to K 2nd    | B to B 7th (ch) | 26. Q to K R 6th | Kt to Kt sq      |
| 10. K to Q sq    | P to Q B 4th    | 27. R to Q 3rd   | K to R sq        |
| 11. R to K B sq  | P to Q R 4th    | 28. P to Kt 5th  | B takes Q R P    |
| 12. P to Q R 4th | R to Q R 3rd    | 29. P takes P    | B takes B (ch)   |
| 13. P to K R 3rd | Kt to K R 3rd   | 30. K takes B    | R to Kt 3rd (ch) |
| 14. P to Kt 4th  |                 | 31. K to B 2nd   | R to Kt sq       |
| 15. K to B 2nd   | R to Q Kt 3rd   | 32. Kt to Kt 5th | R takes Kt       |
| 16. B to Kt 5th  | P takes P       | 33. Q takes R    | Q to K B sq      |

White has now a fine free game, while his opponent's pieces are all more or less out of play, and his position does not improve as the game proceeds.

Better have played this Pawn on.

A strong move, against which there is no satisfactory reply.

The game is now virtually over. White has played throughout with cool judgment and precision, and fully deserves a well won victory.

White mates in three moves.

CHESS IN LEAMINGTON.

Game played between Signor ASPA and the Rev. J. H. SMITH. (Scotch Gambit.)

|                  |                 |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.)   | BLACK (Sig. A.) | WHITE (Mr. S.)   | BLACK (Sig. A.) |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th      | 9. Q takes B     | K to Kt 2nd     |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd   | 10. Q takes B    | P to Q 4th      |
| 3. P to Q 4th    | P takes P       | 11. P to K 5th   | Q to K sq       |
| 4. B to Q B 4th  |                 | 12. P to K B 4th | R to R 5th (ch) |
|                  |                 | 13. P to Kt 3rd  | R takes P (ch)  |

Not so good as the more modern Kt takes P.

|  |               |   |                  |
|--|---------------|---|------------------|
| 5. Kt to Kt 5th  | B to Q B 4th  | 14. P takes R   | Q to K 5th (ch)  |
| 6. P to Q B 3rd is the correct continuation. The play in the text gives Black the better game. |               | 15. K to B 2nd  | B to K R 6th     |
| 7. B takes Kt (ch)   | Kt to K R 3rd | 16. R to Kt sq  | R to K B sq (ch) |
| 8. Q to R 5th (ch)   | P to Kt 3rd   | 17. B to K B 4th  |                  |
| 9. Q to Q 5th (ch)   |               | 18. Q takes R (ch), followed by B to R 6th (ch) and Kt to Q 2nd, would only have prolonged the game, not have saved it. |                  |

A bad check; he should have taken the Bishop at once.

Q mates

A match with an international flavour was played on Nov. 26 between the Newcastle and Glasgow Chess Clubs at the former town, and resulted in a draw, each side scoring 11 points. Both teams were strongly represented, and much interest was aroused throughout the North by the contest.

A new chess club has been started in the City at the Spread Eagle Restaurant, Leadenhall Street. Some fifty or sixty members have already joined and include a few strong players. At a recent exhibition match Mr. Anger, of the City Club, played twelve simultaneous games, of which he won 8, drew 2, and lost 2.

In the High Court of Justice, on Dec. 1, the Lord Chief Justice and the judges of the Queen's Bench Division rejected the appeal of Jean Pierre François, who was arrested in London as an accomplice of the Anarchist dynamite conspirators in Paris; and the warrant for his extradition to be tried in France, by order of Sir John Bridge, the Bow Street police-magistrate, was confirmed.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

That the practice of giving Christmas and New-Year's presents is a very popular one is shown by the extensive and magnificent list of objects specially suitable for the purpose that the great London shops produce. There can be nothing so suitable for a gift as some article made of those beautiful and abidingly valuable materials—gold, silver, and gems. Art is carried into these manufactures now to a degree that reminds us of the Middle Ages; all the heaviness and clumsiness and bloated massiveness that comparatively recently disfigured the silversmith's art, and the barbaric character that jewellery too often displayed, have been replaced by elegance and refinement, and the highest taste is now satisfied at the same time that the lasting and brilliant qualities of the gold, silver, and jewels are gained. Silver, too, is now cheaper than ever. The output of it from the mines has been great, and Government duty has been taken off; the combined result being that beautifully worked articles of silver are now within the reach of even moderately stocked purses.

A firm which has done much to improve the art of the silversmith of recent years is the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street. The firm started some years ago with a resolution to supply the public at first hand with the highest class of artistic silver and gold work and gems, as near the absolute first cost price as practicable. The progress of the firm has been extraordinarily rapid, and now the Regent Street show-rooms, extending far back behind the shop-front, contain a display of both plate and jewellery that is certainly not surpassed for variety and novelty and beauty anywhere, whether in London or Paris. Is your Christmas present to be a tiara, there is a superb one of royal splendour in the stock, the bulk of the high design in diamonds, the peaks that rise far above the brow tipped with oval pearls of great size; the price is £2500. An imposing but less unique one, with a bandeau on the hair and a modified fleur-de-lis design, tipped with very large and fine stones, all diamonds in this case, can be had for £425; and a loose piece is provided in order that it may be worn at pleasure as a necklace. The art with which these handsome ornaments are made to be used in a variety of ways is very interesting. For instance, you can buy here a cluster ornament—a choice of stones and details is offered—it may be a gorgeous opal surrounded by diamonds, or a large and fine-coloured turquoise (a stone just now much in fashion), equally with diamonds around it, or a combination of diamonds and pearls, or entirely constructed of brilliants; and these clusters are so finished off at the back that they can be screwed into four different settings. Thus, one of these beautiful ornaments can be worn either as a bracelet, a brooch, a pendant, or a hairpin at pleasure. The favourite sun-stars, with their twisted points that seem to quiver in the rays of light, are also applicable to all the four uses; and so are the older but always most popular five-pointed diamond stars, which form an effective and not too pretentious tiara when screwed into the frame supplied for the purpose by the company, and can also be used as brooches, a pendant, and single hair ornaments.

But it is not every day that one has splendours of this sort offered. The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company cater not less for the more ordinary needs. They have a large variety of little novelties in jewels and gold, at prices ranging between one and five to ten pounds. Among these are three diamond swallows on a bar for a brooch; a similar flight bearing in their mouths red enamel letters "Xmas"; a bulrush brooch, with the leaves in pearls and the rush in coloured gold with an engaging rough surface; a fly, with diamond wings and large single pearl for body, sitting on a diamond arrow; a lily-of-the-valley, a spread crescent, a double horseshoe, and an infinite variety of other pretty little designs in gold and pearls. Many of these are sketched in the company's large catalogue, which they send post free on application, and orders from which are sent by post all over the world. In the silver—space failing to mention the infinite variety of magnificent larger things—some pierced bonbon dishes for the dinner-table and a number of articles in a new style of silver and tortoise-shell combined, are remarkably cheap and charming.

If a watch or clock be desired for a present, Sir John Bennett's historic establishment in Cheapside is sought with perfect confidence. So widely and long has its fame been spread for excellence and reliability that it sends timekeepers to the uttermost parts of the earth. Four magnificent clocks were recently supplied to the Emperor of China—huge and splendid objects. Yet, that all tastes and purses may be satisfied, there are a large number of remarkably moderate-priced clocks there. A French china clock, with charming Watteau paintings on the china case, and a pair of high vases in china and ormolu to match, quite handsome enough for a testimonial or gift of state, are only thirteen guineas. In contrast you may have a watch that costs £350. It is the finest specimen of the watchmaker's art that can possibly be made, and it does all that doth become a watch; it has a chronometer balance, and it tells the day of the week, the date, the month and number, and the phase of the moon; it repeats the time to a minute when desired, and chimes each of the quarters like a clock without waiting to be asked. A special favourite with the public among these "Sir John Bennett" watches is the £25 half-hunter, with the face nearly covered in by gold, but sufficiently open to see the time without trouble. Ladies' watches are made in this style, too. The days when a lady's watch meant a pretty toy, that looked excessively smart and was perfectly useless as a timekeeper, having gone with so many other inconvenient customs about us and our choice, the watches for ladies are now made in as useful a manner as a man's is, and cost as much to get them good. A first-class gold keyless watch from Bennett's is a valuable possession for a lifetime.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, whose large establishment in the City faces the Mansion House, while the West-End shop is at 158, Oxford Street, have made a specialty of a quality of electro-plate that is next thing to solid silver, so thick and well put on is it. They call it "Prince's Plate." It is always worth while to purchase such guaranteed plate, since there is nothing more misleading to the public than electro; a mere coating of silver that will rub off in a few months is to outward appearance as good when bought as the better quality. Messrs. Mappin and Webb guarantee the "Prince's Plate" for a quarter of a century's wear. Among the novelties of moderate price are a double dish for *hors d'œuvres* or two kinds of cheese, gilt inside; a black coffee service, the cups in white china, and the sugar and coffee-pots mounted with silver; a variety of table-lamps, some to take the electric light; a well-designed asparagus dish; an ingenious egg-boiler, to steam the eggs at table to the precise taste of the consumers; a gloxinia-leaf dish for sweetmeats, and the flower rising up as a vase for blossoms; and cases of afternoon tea-services, fruit knives, fruit spoons, salt-cellars, and the rest of the silver things that are useful to the possessor, and that look all the nicer when given for being handsomely boxed in morocco and satin. The catalogue of the firm can be had by post free.



# Mappin & Webb's

## XMAS GIFTS IN STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE

(Rd. 71,552.)



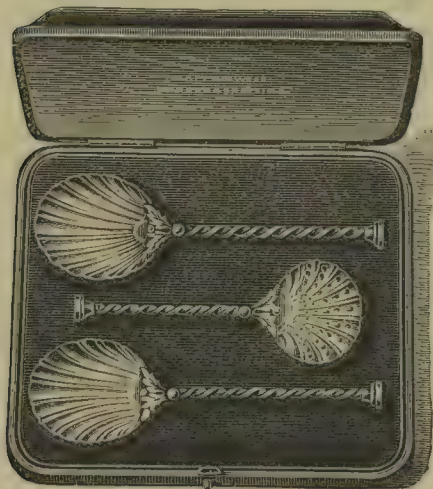
Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives, In Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet .. £4 5s.  
One Shell and Knife, in Case .. .. £2 5s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.  
Complete in Case, Sterling Silver .. £11 11 0 Prince's Plate .. .. £5 5 0  
Teapot only .. .. 5 5 0 .. .. 1 11 6  
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. .. 1 15 0 .. .. 0 10 6  
Cream Jug .. .. 1 5 0 .. .. 0 10 6



Registered Design.  
Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, Prince's Plate, £1 11s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 10s.



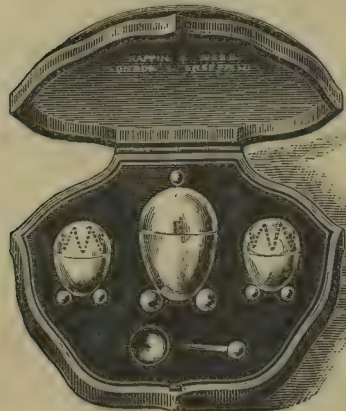
Sterling Silver Fruit Spoons, in Morocco Case, Lined Silk and Velvet.  
Two Spoons, in Case .. .. £2 15 0  
Two Spoons and Sifter, in Case .. 4 0 0



Twelve Pairs of Dessert Knives and Forks, best quality, Close Plated, Chased Blades with Seventeenth-Century Pearl Handles, in Polished Oak Case, £8 10s.



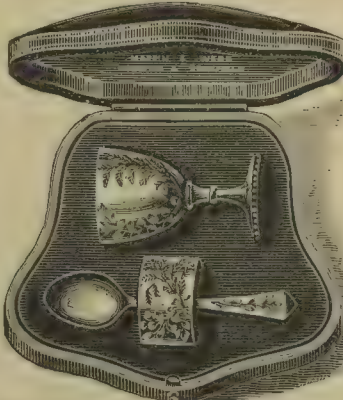
Antique Fluted Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, complete, in Case, £5 15s.



Two Sterling Silver Muffineers, Mustard Pot, and Spoon, in Morocco Case, £2 10s.



Frosted Sterling Silver Card Case, richly Engraved, Gilt inside, in Morocco Case, £2 2s.



Richly Engraved Sterling Silver Egg Cup, Napkin Ring, and Spoon, in Morocco Case, £3.  
Gilt all over, £3 10s.



Two Louis Quinze Fruit Spoons, Two Pairs Nut Cracks, Two Nut Picks, and One Pair Grape Scissors, in Morocco Case, Prince's Plate, £2 10s.



Handsomely Chased Sugar Basin, Cream Ewer, and Tongs, in Morocco Case, Sterling Silver, £4 15s.



Richly Chased and part Gilt Sterling Silver Fruit Spoons.  
Four .. .. £4 0 0  
Two Spoons and Sifter, in Morocco Case .. £4 0 0  
Four .. .. 6 10 0  
Two Spoons only .. .. 2 15 0



Four Chased Sterling Silver "Acorn" Salts and Spoons, in rich Morocco Case .. .. £3 15 0  
Six in Case .. .. 5 15 0



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Case, £3 10s.

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## LADIES' SURPLICED CHOIRS.

The Rev. Canon Sutton, of Melbourne, sends the following letter to the *Guardian* newspaper—

"Sir,—In an article in the *Illustrated London News* on the choir of St. James's, Marylebone, the Rev. H. K. Haweis, in defence of the ladies' surpliced choir of his own church, states 'that an exactly similar choir enjoyed great favour at the Melbourne Cathedral.' He goes on to speak of the Melbourne 'use.' As this is not the first time such a mis-statement has been made, I should feel obliged if you would allow me, through your columns, to contradict it.

"I have been connected with this cathedral since its consecration on Jan. 22, 1891, and I am therefore able to say that no ladies, in surplices or otherwise, have ever formed part of the cathedral choir, which is constituted exactly as any English cathedral choir.

"GEORGE SUTTON, Minor Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, Oct. 15, 1892."

## NEW MUSIC.

To violinists we can recommend a "Mazurka Capriccioso," by W. H. Nicholls, and "Meditation," by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., both of which are published by Puterson and Sons. Those who are on the look-out for good mandoline music will find "Sancta Maria," by Clara Ross, and the "Cordova Waltz," by Juan Gomez (arranged by Federico Sacchi) both pretty and moderately easy. They are published by Phillips and Page. The small but interesting batch of music sent by E. Donajowski, includes half a dozen of an exceedingly neat and useful "Miniature Edition" of Bach's organ compositions, edited by Dr. Charles Vincent, and Books I. and II. of the forty-eight fugues for the "Wohltemperirte Klavier," by Bach, also carefully edited by Dr. Vincent, from whose pen we have a "Caprice à la Mazurka" for pianoforte—an attractive and well-written piece. "Wait not" is a dainty song, words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Gerard F. Cobb, published by Duff and Stewart. Marriott and Williams send, among other pieces, a difficult "March Funèbre Pathétique," by Roméo, and a bright bridal march, "My Queen," by the same composer. A characteristic composition is a "Turkish Wedding March," by Merton Clark (Kay and Co.). More good music for mandolinists reaches us from John Alvey Turner, a "Berceuse," by Josef Trousselle, being one of the most acceptable pieces. A well-written sonata in D for pianoforte, by W. H. Speer, is published by Breitkopf and Härtel. "If a maiden loves a lad" is a pathetic and pretty song by Frederick E. Giles and J. St. Eldon (Kay and Co.); "The Pearl-Finder," by R. H. Lawrence and Druce Dayle (H. Leonard) may be recommended to baritone; while "last, but not least," we notice a charming little song entitled "June Roses," words by Edward Oxenford, music by G. F. Ioran, and published by Patey and Willis.

We have received two works very different in character and style, but both bearing witness to the fact that the old process of engraving is not wholly neglected by our artists. Mr. A. C. Alais has produced an excellent work after Mr. Walter Hunt's exhibition picture, "Frustrated" (Millard Davis and Co.), a farmyard episode, on which we regret that so much good time and good work should have been expended. The other is a far more ambitious work, but at the same time more likely to attract a favourable reception, for it is a repro-

duction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Countess of Blessington (Frost and Reed, Bristol), painted in 1822, at a time when that lady was in the springtime of her beauty, and Lawrence, greatly interested in the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Academy, was only too glad to give his best powers to make an Irishwoman's portrait attractive. Mr. Cormack, who has engraved the portrait, deserves great credit for having so faithfully transcribed what Cardinal Gonsalvi called the "Titianesque" qualities of Lawrence's work.

A German steamer, the *Spree*, belonging to the North German Lloyd's Company, bound from Bremen and Southampton to New York, on Nov. 26, in the middle of the Atlantic, was labouring with a tremendous sea, and broke her main shaft; the derangement of the machinery made a large hole in the hull, and the water pouring in filled all the aft part of the ship. There were four hundred passengers on board, who suffered extreme panic, and their lives were in great danger. Happily, by the efforts of Captain Willigerod and his officers and crew, the ship was kept afloat; she was rescued after two days by a steamer passing from Montreal to Liverpool, and was towed safely to Queenstown harbour.

The Central Association of Dairy Farmers and Milk Dealers, on Dec. 2, had an interview with the President of the Government Board of Agriculture, Mr. Herbert Gardner, and Sir Walter Foster, the Secretary of the Local Government Board. They asked for more stringent laws to prevent the sale of "separated" or skimmed milk as new milk, or mixed with new milk; also to prevent the sale of margarine as butter, or mixed with butter. The reply given to them was that Government could not propose further legislation on these matters; that a fixed statutory standard of quality for milk would be desirable, but that its adoption was difficult. Margarine ought not to be sold as butter, but it supplied the wants of poorer customers, and its sale could not be interfered with.

The Mohammedan women of Southern India belong to the poorest class, and being shut out, according to their tenets, from all improving influences of the outside world, they soon deteriorate sadly into something little better than animals. From the December number of the *Indian Magazine* we learn that a successful effort to elevate them has been made by the American Luther Mission, in establishing an industrial school at Guntoor, and here destitute Mohammedan women are taught to earn a respectable livelihood. Previously to its establishment all such women could do was to starve or pound grain for their food and clothes. Pounding grain is exceedingly hard work, and these women are seldom strong. To do such labour a respectable woman must rise before daylight, wrap herself in a huge sheet, and steal away in the darkness to some merchant's house. All day long she pounds the grain in a small badly ventilated room and after dark returns home. Mohammedan women have, however, a wonderful facility for art needlework, and one of the chief native manufactures of India being gold and silver wire drawing, the mission avails itself of this to encourage the embroidery of shoes, caps, rugs, and table-covers. So far as is now known, this class of embroidery was introduced into India in the sixteenth century from Italy, where it is supposed to have been brought from Persia. Nowadays the native princes buy the embroidery for decorating their homes, elephants, and horses, and Court dresses, while every native who can afford a gold-embroidered cap wears one. By sales of work and the Government grants the Guntoor school manages to support itself, and the committee intend to send an exhibit to the World's Fair at Chicago.

## CHITRAL.

Chitral, a place of considerable strategic importance, perched on the southern slope of the Hindu Kush mountains (the natural rampart of Northern India, as they are often truly styled), is situated at an altitude of 5000 ft., amid some of the grandest and loftiest peaks of the world. This highland country recalls much of the picturesqueness of Cashmere. Pine-woods thickly clothe the adjacent hills, and fruit, including pomegranates, pears, apricots, apples, and mulberries, besides grapes, is so plentiful that tradition says the valley was the wine-cellar of Afrasiab, the king of Turan, and adversary of the famous Rustam. The exports consist chiefly of orpiment or yellow arsenic, woollen cloths and *chogas* or cloaks, and, until a few years ago, slaves, who were much sought after in the markets of Central Asia. Men and boys used to sell for from 100 to 200 rupees, women and girls more than double that sum, the Chitrali females having a special reputation for their beauty. There is much similarity (according to one intelligent traveller) between the Chitralis and Kafirs who inhabit the mountainous region immediately to the west, and Sir Henry Rawlinson has stated that among the hill-people gathered together in Cabul fifty years ago was a Kafir female slave who was the most beautiful Oriental he had ever seen. She was the only lady he had ever met who by loosening her golden hair could cover herself completely, from head to foot, as with a cloak or screen. The gradual extension of the British power into those secluded valleys has, however, practically abolished slavery, and our recent conquest of Hunza has given the deathblow to it in one of its last strongholds. It is scarcely likely to be allowed to revive in Chitral, for the despatch thither of an expeditionary force from Gilgit is a sign that the British Government is not indifferent to the course of events.

The German Emperor has granted permission to Messrs. Mappin, of Cheapside and Regent Street, to exhibit the gold casket presented to him by the Corporation of London at the Chicago World's Fair.

Princess Marie of Edinburgh, on Friday, Dec. 2, at Devonport Dockyard, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, performed the ceremony of launching the new second-class cruiser *Bonaventure*, one of eight of the same model built in the Government dockyards. The ship has been two years in construction, at a cost of £237,000. She has a protective steel deck and an armour-plated conning-tower, and will carry two six-inch quick-firing guns, eight broadside guns of less calibre, eight six-pounders, a machine gun, and twelve Whitehead torpedoes. Her speed will be twenty knots an hour.

The London County Council, on Dec. 1, on the report of its Local Government and Taxation Committee, after an adjourned debate and several amendments, adopted, by 66 votes to 21, the resolution moved by Mr. James Stuart, M.P., demanding that Parliament bestow on the Council a new source of revenue by the taxation of ground values, with some interim relief by a special rate on such values, or rent duty, or municipal death duty. It was also resolved, on the recommendation of the committee, to introduce a Bill into Parliament for the removal of the exceptions and immunities now enjoyed by the City of London, and for the unification of the City Municipal Government with that of the County Council of London. A separate valuation of all land in the Metropolis, as distinct from the value of buildings, was prescribed as the subject of another Bill to be brought forward in the next Session of Parliament.

## THE MANUFACTURING

## GOLDSMITHS' &amp; SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

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Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—An immense variety of inexpensive articles specially suitable for Christmas Presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before dealing elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality and the very moderate prices will be apparent.

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Fine Diamond Brooch, £5.

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Fine Pearl Half-hoop Ring, with Diamond Points, £7 10s. Also from £4 to £25.



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The Largest and Choicest Stock of  
DIAMOND ORNAMENTS  
in the World.  
SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR  
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.  
INSPECTION INVITED.



Fine Diamond Bracelet, £35.

AWARDED  
NINE GOLD  
MEDALS.



Fine Diamond Maltese Cross Pendant, £50. Larger sizes to £200.

AWARDED  
THE CROSS OF  
THE LEGION  
OF HONOUR.



Fine Diamond Christmas Brooch, £5.

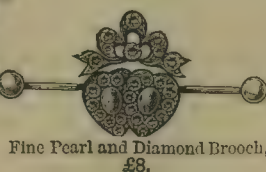
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Fine Diamond Studs, Set of 3, £12. Also from £9 to £100.



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COLONIAL AND FOREIGN ORDERS executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

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DELIVERED to ANY ADDRESS, in any City, Town, Village, Hamlet, or Place in the United Kingdom, CARRIAGE PAID.



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"We have analysed these Teas at some length. The qualities are combined by judicious and careful blending. They are GENUINE and CARE-FULLY PREPARED."

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"INVALIDS, as well as THOSE in HEALTH, may ENJOY DRINKING these PURE Teas WITHOUT the LEAST FEAR of the INJURIOUS EFFECTS which so frequently result from using the inferior TEAS SOLD by many RETAILERS."

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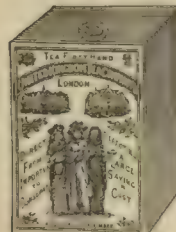
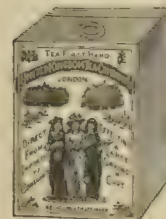
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## MUSIC.

M. Paderewski began his week's visit to this country with an appearance at the Monday "Pop." of Dec. 5. Inasmuch as all hope of seeing the Polish virtuoso again before his American journey had been abandoned, the pleasure may be said to have been an unexpected one, and it was certainly made the most of, not only by Mr. Chappell's subscribers, who were there *au grand complet*, but by amateurs generally, St. James's Hall being crammed to excess in every part. M. Paderewski, who had only arrived from Paris the previous evening, looked rather tired and worn, but there was no symptom of fatigue in his playing, which was as full as ever of impulse and energy. He was received, of course, with the utmost cordiality, for his London admirers were unfeignedly glad to welcome him back after his recent illness, and at the conclusion of his magnificent rendering of Chopin's sonata in B minor he was recalled to the platform four times, being then compelled to play an encore. To describe his "reading" of the sonata would need a longer analysis than we have space for, but the task would be an interesting one, considering the many points of originality disclosed by M. Paderewski's performance, notably in the slow movement and the finale. The latter was taken at a much faster rate than usual, and we are bound to say that perfect clearness was here and there sacrificed for the sake of what was unquestionably a superb display of technique. On the other hand, the notes of the scherzo were as distinct as the strokes of an electric bell, and very nearly as rapid, which would seem to indicate that in one case the composer's intentions were slightly exceeded, while in the other they were exactly realised. For his additional piece M. Paderewski gave another wonderful example of technical facility in Chopin's difficult étude in C minor. He was also heard with Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's trio in B flat, Op. 97, and here the virtuoso was for the time being sunk in the reverent interpreter of an acknowledged masterpiece, with the result of a performance that could not have been surpassed for beauty, intellectuality, and charm. The remaining feature of the concert was the reappearance of Herr Mühlfeld, the great clarinet player, who, having come over to take part once more in Brahms's clarinet works, was allowed the opportunity to exhibit his unapproachable art in Mozart's quintet in A, a "preliminary canter" for which habitués were profoundly grateful, since it furnished one of the most delightful treats of a memorable evening. The vocalist, Madame Bertha Moore, was the unfortunate victim of a sudden attack of hoarseness, and received a full measure of the indulgence asked for on her behalf.

On the following afternoon M. Paderewski gave his promised recital at the same hall, and again had the satisfaction of entertaining an audience packed as closely everywhere as the proverbial "herrings in a barrel." Even so there was not room for all who sought admission to the cheaper parts, and many hundreds were turned disconsolate away. Handel's suite in D minor stood at the head of the scheme. It was given with exquisite crispness and no seeking after sensational effects, which would have been unpardonable here, though they were perforce to be expected in Liszt's transcription of the Bach organ fantasia and fugue in A minor. Yet even in this fine piece of "improvement," M. Paderewski did

not permit his zeal to outrun his discretion; his phrasing was admirably pure, and the various "parts" of the fugue ran their even course with unmistakable clearness, while the octave passages in the left hand were splendidly played. The high musicianly qualities of this gifted pianist were next made manifest in Weber's sonata in A flat, which he executed with quite remarkable self-restraint and all the grace and elegance of a disciple of the Herz or Thalberg school. In these respects it was, perhaps, the most noteworthy effort of the afternoon. In the second section of his programme, however, M. Paderewski obviously afforded the greatest degree of enjoyment to his listeners, since that contained an extensive Chopin selection, a nocturne from his own pen, and a Liszt rhapsody, the whole of which were played with inimitable charm of style and unsurpassable executive skill. The A flat valse of Chopin evoked a perfect storm of applause, and at the conclusion of the rhapsody the audience persuaded M. Paderewski to return and play another, after which, as a final act of generosity, he gave Chopin's familiar valse in C sharp minor. And then, as the only means for stopping the frantic series of demonstrations, Messrs. Erard's men came upon the platform and took the piano away. That had the desired effect. Five minutes afterwards St. James's Hall was deserted.

The London Symphony Concerts do better, as a rule, after the season has partly run its course than at the outset. Mr. Henschel, however, maintains his courage from the start, and his latest device for adding to the attractiveness of his undertaking is by no means indicative of a hesitating spirit. He has formed a choir of useful proportions, and, dating from the next concert but one, proposes to make choral music more or less of a standing dish for the delectation of his supporters. There will be no more performances now until after the Christmas recess, and on Jan. 19 the usual kind of vocal and instrumental programme will be given, with M. César Thomson, a Belgian violinist of high repute, and Mrs. Katharine Fisk as the soloists. On Feb. 2 the new choir will make its début in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" (solo, Mrs. Henschel) and Mozart's "Ave Verum," while a fortnight later it will take part in a Wagner programme, comprising some selections from "Die Meistersinger." At the final concert of the season will come the greatest test of all—namely, Beethoven's "Choral" symphony, and we venture to say that if Mr. Henschel's choir comes satisfactorily through this test its own position and the future of the London Symphony Concerts may be regarded as assured. By-the-way, there was a great improvement in the attendance at the third concert of the series, on Dec. 1, when, among other things, MM. Gorski and Carl Fuchs gave a capital performance of Brahms's double concerto for violin and cello, and the band was heard to wonderful advantage in Raff's "Lenore" symphony.

A weekly service of traffic steamers to ply between London and Saltport, on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey estuary and lower section of the Manchester Ship Canal, commenced in the second week of December.

The St. Giles's Christian Mission, in Little Wild Street, Drury Lane, on Monday, Dec. 5, gave its annual supper to discharged criminals and first offenders who have accepted its aid on their release from prison. Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder of London, presided over a meeting of friends of this mission, which has dealt with about 20,000 cases in the past year.

## MEMORIAL STATUE OF MR. H. FAWCETT.

The new Vauxhall public park, formed of the grounds formerly surrounding the house called "The Lawn," in South Lambeth, which was the residence of the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., is to be adorned with a fine monument of terra-cotta, given by Sir Henry Doulton, now on view at the Lambeth Art Pottery Works of Messrs. Doulton, on the Albert Embankment. The sculptor of this work, Mr. George



MEMORIAL STATUE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. H. FAWCETT, M.P.

Tinworth, long since achieved a reputation which will not be lessened by the design shown in our Engraving. It represents Mr. Fawcett seated: a good likeness of the face; without the dark glasses which his partial blindness obliged him to wear; he is attired in the robes of a Professor at the University of Cambridge, and behind him stands a figure of Victory—Mr. Fawcett's own victory over misfortune—about to crown him with a wreath of laurel. The entire height of the pedestal and group is about 16 ft. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs.

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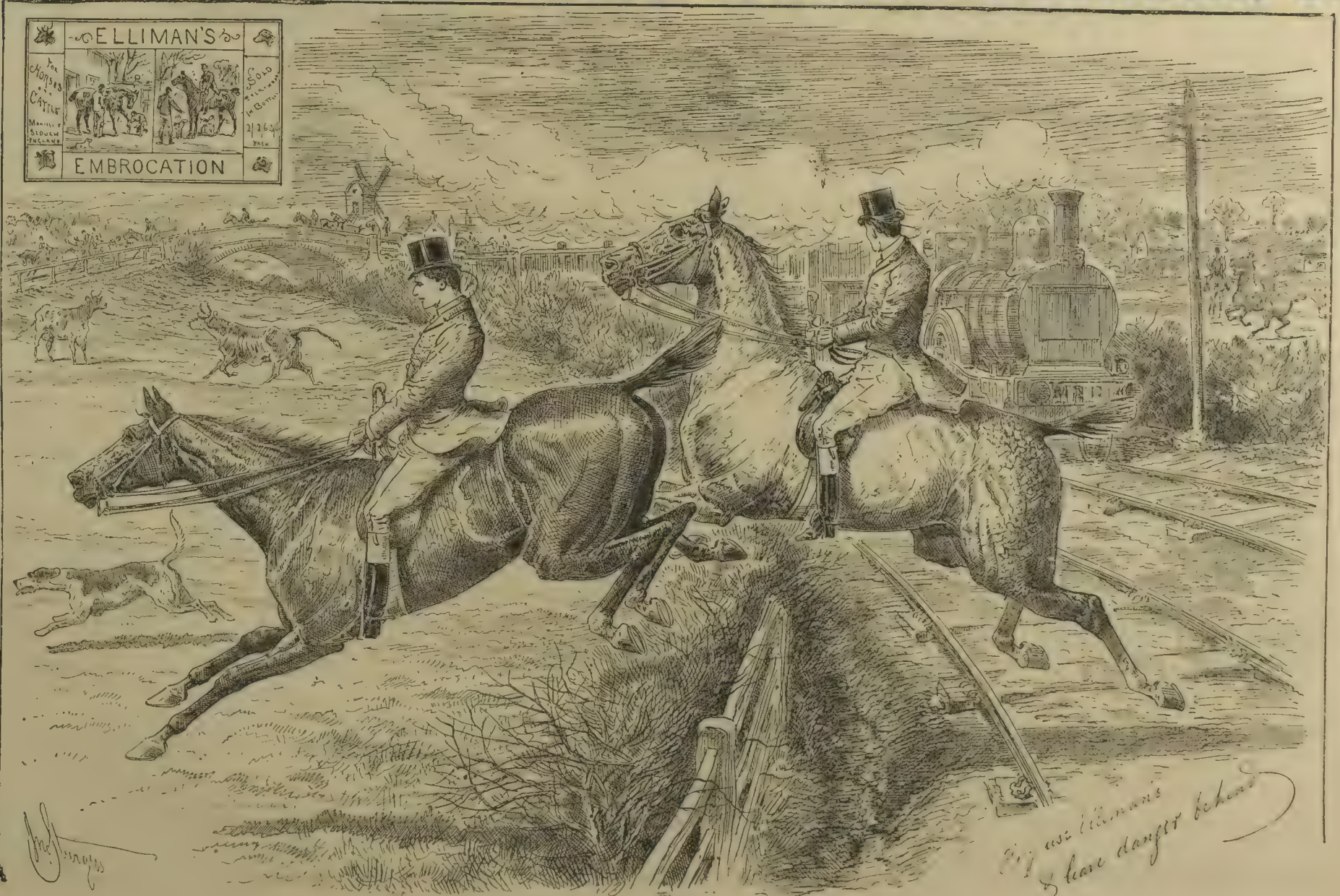
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 25, 1891) of Mr. Herbert Ellis, late of The Priory, East Farleigh, Kent, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Nov. 24 by John Knowles and Herbert Monckton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £157,000. The testator gives £200 each to the West Kent General Hospital and the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital at Maidstone; all the silver plate in his house, including that left to him by his father, and an annuity of £4500, to his mother; £2000 to Arthur Vyvyan Wilson; £1000 each to William Gore Lambard and his bailiff, Tom Brook; £500 to each of his executors; and £100 each to Ernest Brook and Arthur Brook. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his sister, Beatrice Margaret Maconochie. In directing his executors to pay his debts he particularly directs them to discharge his liability as to the repairs of East Farleigh Church, which he had undertaken to pay for.

The will (dated June 13, 1892) of Mr. Edward Cock, J.P., late of Portsmouth Road, Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Nov. 19 by Charles Hesse Cock, the brother, and Henry Grose Smith, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Rev. A. S. W. Young, vicar of Kingston-on-Thames, to be applied at his discretion for the benefit of the said parish; £500 to the said Rev. A. S. W. Young to be applied towards the restoration of the parish church of Kingston-on-Thames; £6000 and all his plate (except some family and presentation plate specifically bequeathed), pictures, books, furniture, wines, household effects, horses and carriages, to Miss Cecilia Roots; and many legacies to relatives and late and present servants. He leaves one half of the residue of his real and personal estate to his nephew, Edward Swaine Boord; and one half, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Maria Grover Gregory, for life, and then for her three daughters.

The will (dated July 18, 1892) of Mr. William Porter, late of Thingwall Hall, Birkenhead, Cheshire, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Nov. 19 by William Sinckler Porter and Edward Horatio Porter, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, pictures, wines, &c., to his wife; £7000 to his son William Sinckler; £3000 to his son Charles Alfred; £5000 to his daughter Lucy; and he states that he gave £5000 to his daughter Gertrude on her marriage, and covenanted to pay the like sum to his son Edward Horatio six months after his death. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to be divided between his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated March 6, 1889) of Mr. Alexander Maclean Barrow, late of 13, Upper Maze Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Nov. 25 by Mrs. Sarah Constance Barrow, the widow, Charles Joseph Hadfield, and Culliford Barrow, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects to his wife, and he confirms the articles of agreement entered into by him previously to his marriage with her, and the settlement made by him of the proceeds of his estate called Dunedin. He bequeaths £27,000, upon trust, for his three children, Arthur Robert Maclean,

Alice Mary, and Francis John; and he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate upon a similar trust.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 12, 1886), with a codicil (dated Nov. 11, 1889), of Mr. William Abercrombie, sometime agent in Paisley of the Union Bank of Scotland, residing at Craigmuir, Meikleriggs, Paisley, who died on July 18, granted to William Abercrombie, Robert Graham Abercrombie, John Abercrombie, David Clapham Bell, George Hart, Alexander Abercrombie, and Thomas Graham Abercrombie, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £39,000.

The will (dated July 24, 1890) of Mr. Walter Hownam Buddicom, D.L., J.P., late of Penbedw, Nannerch, Flint, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Nov. 28 by Harry William Buddicom, the brother, and David Archer Vaughan Colt-Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his live and dead farming stock, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Rose Caroline Buddicom; and legacies to his brother, sisters, nephews, nieces, godchildren, servants, and others. Certain furniture and effects are made heirlooms to go with the settled Penbedw estate, and the remainder of the furniture and effects to the person who shall at his death become entitled to the same estate. His farm, Bryn-y-groes, in the county of Flint, he devises to go with the said settled estate. The residue of his real and personal estate, except his dwelling-house, Villa Capella, Bordighera, Italy, with the furniture and effects, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for all his children, except a first or only son, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1891) of the Rev. George Brewster Twining, late of Hitcham Grange, Suffolk, and of Shortwood, Teddington, Middlesex, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Nov. 25 by Samuel Harvey Twining and William Boyd, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to each of the rectors of the parishes of Brettenham and Hitcham, Suffolk, to be applied at their discretion for the poor of the said parishes, or for other charitable objects within the said parishes as may seem to them most in need of assistance; and many legacies to his own and his late wife's relatives, friends, servants, and others. Two farms in the parish of Brettenham he devises to his cousin, Samuel Twining, but charged with an annuity of £30 to his faithful servant Sarah Bell; and all his other farms and lands in Suffolk to his nephew, William Boyd, charged with an annuity of £100 to his faithful servant Elizabeth Carter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said nephew, William Boyd.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1875) of Miss Catherine Sarah Burton, late of 91, Boulevard Courcelles, Paris, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Nov. 22 by Mrs. Mary Katherine Norah Stephenson, the niece and only next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the British Charitable Fund in Paris; all her plate and £8000 to her niece, Mary Katherine Norah Burton; and annuities to two old servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her sister, Mrs. Caroline Lucy Dick, but, as this lady died in her lifetime, the residue of the personalty becomes divisible among her (the

testatrix's) next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1883), with two codicils (dated March 1, 1890, and Jan. 30, 1892), of Major-General Sir Thomas Townsend Pears, R.E., K.C.B., retired Indian Army, late of Eton Lodge, Putney, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Nov. 25 by the Rev. Loraine Estridge and John Henry Etherington Smith, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator leaves all his property to or upon trust for his six surviving children and the children of his late son, James Maurice Pears.

The two wills, one in the Scotch form and the other in the English form, of the Hon. John Charles Dundas, Lord Lieutenant of Orkney and Zetland, late of Thornburgh, Leyburn, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 13, were proved on Nov. 28 by the Hon. Alice Louisa Dundas, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator leaves all his heritable means and estate in Scotland and all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The Marquis of Tullibardine, the heir of one of the great Scotch houses, the Stewart-Murrays, of which the Duke of Athole is the head, will attain his majority amid great rejoicings on Dec. 15. The Murrays are descended from a Fleming, who in the twelfth century was owner of extensive lands in Linlithgowshire, and from one of whose sons, who assumed the surname of De Moravia, sprang the Murrays of Bothwell, of Abercainey, and of Tullibardine. From the time of Bruce and Balliol the Murrays of Tullibardine were a power in Scotland. They became Earls of Athole in 1457, of Tullibardine in 1606, Marquises of Athole in 1676, and Dukes of Athole in 1703. The first Marquis of Tullibardine was killed at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709. His brother, who succeeded him in the title, was an adherent of the Chevalier in 1715, but escaped to the Continent, where he resided many years. Returning to Scotland with the young Charles Edward in 1745, he remained with him till after Culloden, when he fled to the West of Scotland, but his health failing him, he surrendered, and died in the Tower in 1746. The honours and titles of the family had in the meantime passed to the third son of the first Duke, who had died in 1724. The young Marquis whose birthday is so shortly to be celebrated was educated at Eton, and holds a commission in the militia battalion of that historic regiment the Black Watch, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is honorary colonel. Blair Castle, the principal seat of the Duke of Athole, which is delightfully situated near the tiny village of Blair Athole, is a substantial but somewhat unpicturesque building. It abounds, however, in historic interest. Here the brave and unfortunate Montrose was at one time garrisoned. Later, the castle was besieged by Cromwell and his Puritan veterans; and here the gallant Claverhouse was quartered when he won the glorious victory of Killiecrankie, which, for his followers, was worse than a defeat, costing them as it did their leader's life. In 1690 the castle was dismantled, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels, and it was not till 1890 that it was re-embattled and restored. Behind it is the ancient church of Blair, where sleeps the fiery Claverhouse, who was brought there for sepulture from the neighbouring Pass of Killiecrankie.

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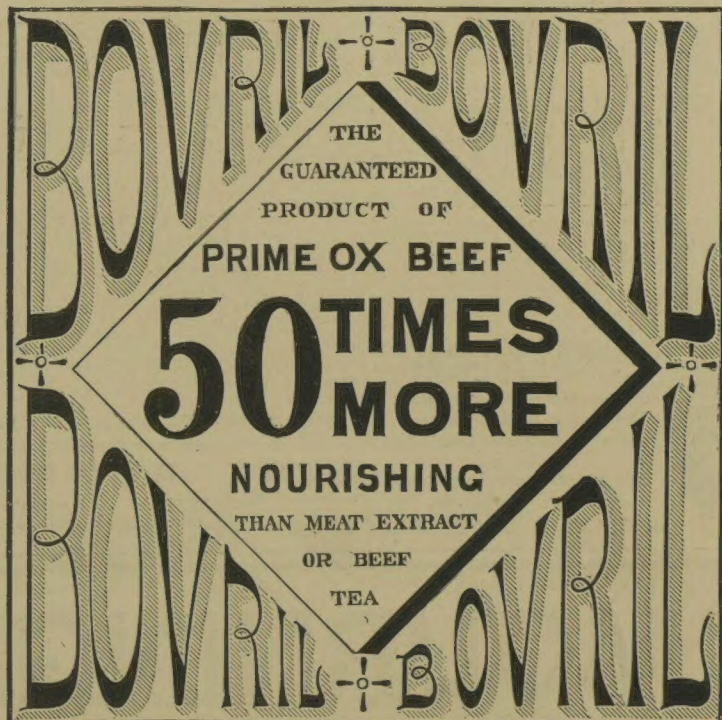
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

A tiny miniature portrait of the late Duke of Clarence has recently been painted upon ivory by Mr. H. C. Heath, in an circle three-eighths of an inch in diameter, by command of her Majesty the Queen. Although so minute, it was pronounced a very good likeness.

The Inman Line Steamship Company has arranged with the United States Government for the weekly conveyance of American Transatlantic mails from Southampton to New York. Henceforth the principal operations of this company will be transferred from Liverpool to Southampton, where the London and South-Western Railway Company are now completing the magnificent system of docks already described, with a new graving dock to be finished by the end of next year, which will be one of the largest in the world. Special arrangements will be made at Waterloo Station for the traffic belonging to this new American line, which will commence on March 17.

A Jewish synagogue built in Dublin, on the Adelaide Road,

adjoining Fitzwilliam Place, was consecrated on Dec. 4 by the Rev. Dr. Adler, of London.

The Nicaragua Ship Canal project is gaining support in the United States of America. A convention has been held at New Orleans to advocate its claims, and the United States Government is urged to endorse a loan of 100,000,000 dollars for its construction and to assume the control of the undertaking.

The 18th Middlesex (Paddington) Volunteers, on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 3, started in a long-distance marching competition teams representing ten different companies of the battalion. The marching finished at two o'clock on Sunday morning. The distance, about twenty-six miles, to beyond Edgware, round by Stanmore, Harrow Weald, Pinner, Harrow, and home to Paddington, was performed by every team in less than eight hours, and in six hours and three-quarters by the winning team. Each team was composed of nine men.

Ramsgate has been disturbed by an alarming landslip of the West Cliff, on Saturday, Dec. 3, when hundreds of tons of

chalk suddenly fell, possibly loosened by the recent cutting and-blasting for the Marine Parade. One or two houses above seem to be in a rather unsafe position if there should be another fall.

A Japanese naval cruiser, the Chishima, built two years ago at St. Nazaire, has been accidentally sunk, on the coast of Japan, by collision with the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Ravenna, with the loss of seventy-four lives.

The College of Science at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, connected with the Durham University, is to be extended by the building of a new wing. The Earl of Durham, on Monday, Dec. 5, laid the foundation-stone of this additional building.

The naval officers at Plymouth and Devonport serving under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh presented, on Wednesday, Dec. 7, a wedding-gift to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, consisting of a beautiful silver inkstand, on the occasion of her approaching marriage to the Crown Prince of Roumania. Her Royal Highness on Dec. 3 presented the prizes to the local Volunteers.

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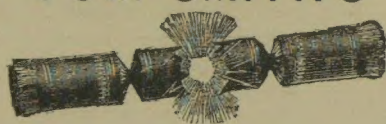
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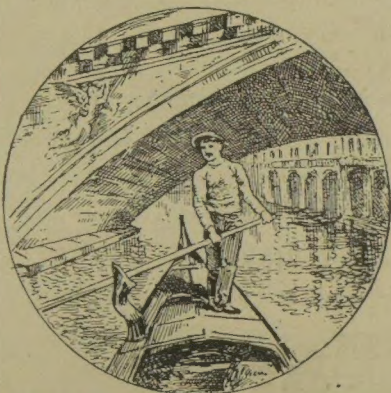
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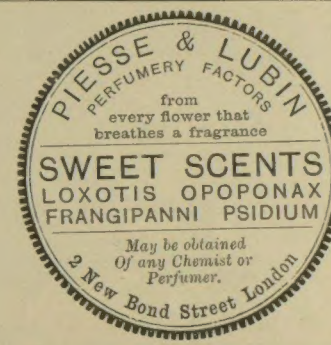
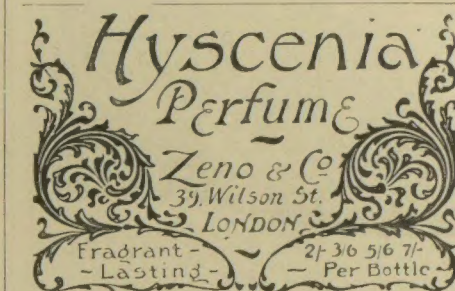
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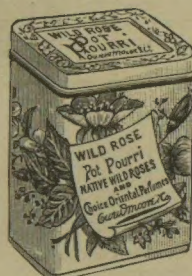
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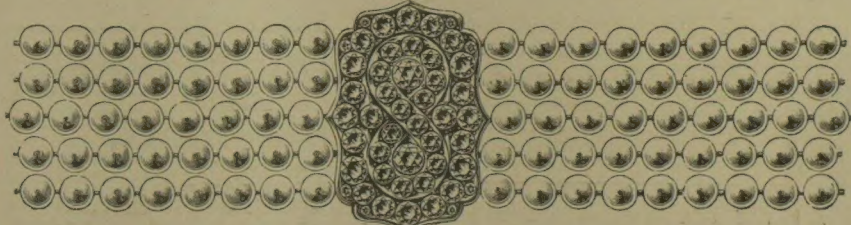
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## MISS BROUGHTON'S NEW NOVEL.

*Mrs. Bligh.* By Rhoda Broughton. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—There is a man in this book, a shadowy sculptor, more like a sculptor's ghost, or one of those vignettes by Henry James which wave and wander in their outlines if you look too hard at them. The sculptor has a critical moment in his career. He has had his day; fortune, accompanied by a baronetcy, has shone upon him, but there comes a crisis when his friends tremble for his reputation, and the amiable gentry who write in newspapers suggest that the leaves of his laurels are sere and yellow. I don't know that this predicament is very moving in this particular case, for Robert Coke is by no means the most striking figure in Miss Broughton's story. But the decline of his powers affects one with the sensation of a misgiving followed by a great relief, by which enigmatical confession I mean that a haunting apprehension in reading the early part of this book was succeeded by unbounded satisfaction in the development of a very original and human theme. Even the gentry who write in newspapers have their feelings. A stern sense of duty may compel them to say that this or that popular author has exhausted his or her natural mandate. When the moment arrives for this sacrificial announcement (which, I am bound to say, rarely carries conviction to the public mind) the critic puts on a black tie, and makes his household gods enter into the mournful solemnity of the occasion. I will admit, simply out of sheer


enjoyment of my own discomfiture, that during some chapters of *Mrs. Bligh's* experience I thought the black tie would have to be summoned from the drawer where it lies, together with a useful dictionary of abusive synonyms. The Mulholland family, dogs and all, are pale copies of the selfish fathers and wayward children and fascinating puppies we have had from Miss Broughton any time these twenty years. In the Mulholland household there is a "young librarian" without a name, who seems to serve no purpose but the gratification of a bygone grudge which has not energy enough to make an individuality of him. *Mrs. Bligh* and her sculptor have the exasperating habit so dear to their author of laborious quotation, which drags in Shakspeare by the head and shoulders; and although her style descends too often into the slough of the slipshod, Miss Broughton persists in the pedantry which makes her characters, even the children, say, "Ought not you?" But all these lapses and shortcomings and irritating little manners are forgotten in the admirable study of *Mrs. Bligh*, the morbid, commonplace widow, whose memories of a wedded life which was a long servitude give her not the slightest tint of unnatural romance, who sacrifices her dearest hopes for the sake of the man she can never call her lover. This unselfishness possesses a realism which may a professor of naturalism in fiction might envy, and, moreover, *Mrs. Bligh's* sacrifice has an issue which belongs to the unexpectedness of pure comedy, and has nothing in common with the "happy ending" beloved of Mr. Mudie's patrons.

Sentiment, of course, is unknown to the gentry who write in newspapers, yet such is the revulsion in my mind over this book that I am going to send a Christmas-card to the person I most dislike—needless to say, another critic. L. G.

The Professorship of Egyptology in University College, London, founded and endowed by the late Miss Amelia Edwards, has been conferred on Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who will begin his lectures early next year.

A new ship of war for the Royal Navy, the *Scylla*, a second-class cruiser, built by Messrs. Samuda at Blackwall, has been completed and delivered to the Admiralty officials at Chatham. She will have a speed of twenty knots an hour, under forced engine-power, and will carry six two-inch guns, with fifteen quick-firing guns of smaller calibre.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Society, on Nov. 30, Lord Kelvin, the president, delivered an address treating of terrestrial magnetic storms, and of the supposition, against which he had much to say, that they are caused by solar disturbances. The presentation of medals of the society then took place: the Darwin medal was given to Sir Joseph Hooker; the Copley medal to Professor Virchow, of Berlin; the Rumford medal to Mr. Nils Duner, of Sweden; royal medals to Mr. J. N. Langley and the Rev. Professor Pritchard; and the Davy medal to the French Professor Raoult.



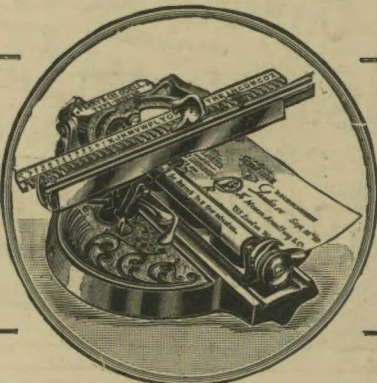
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